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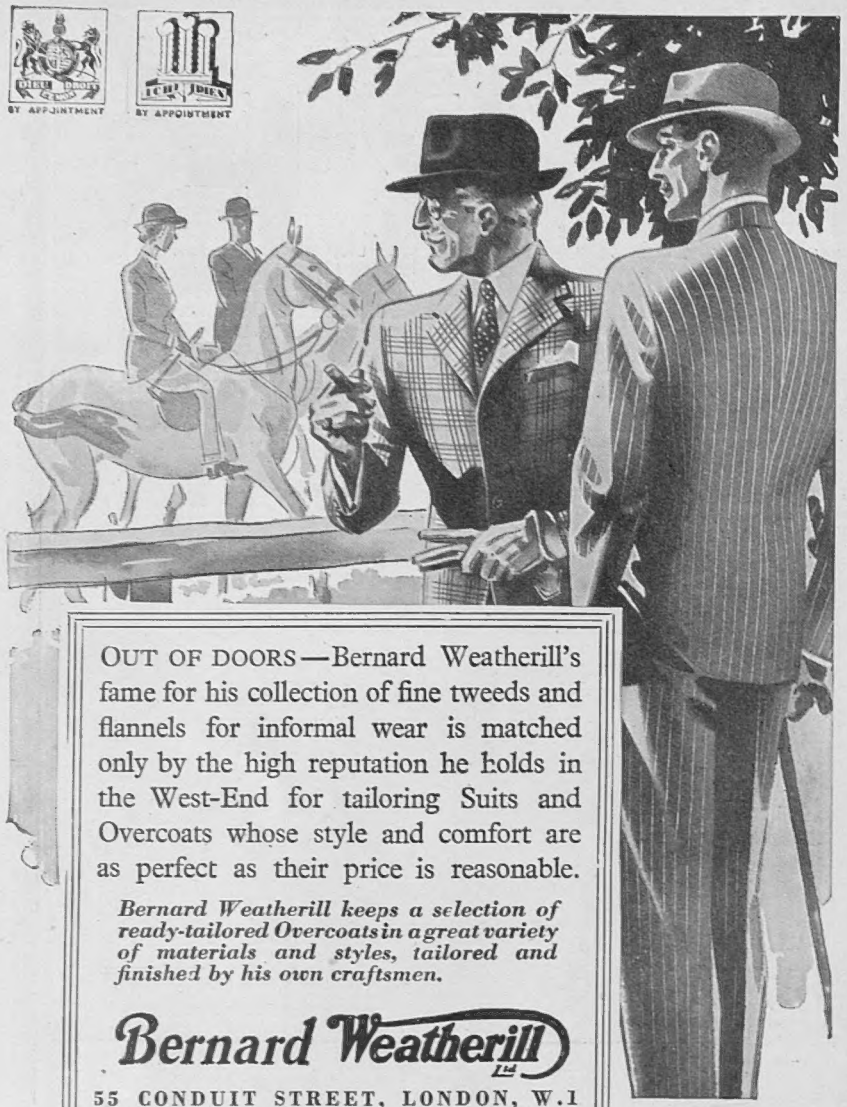

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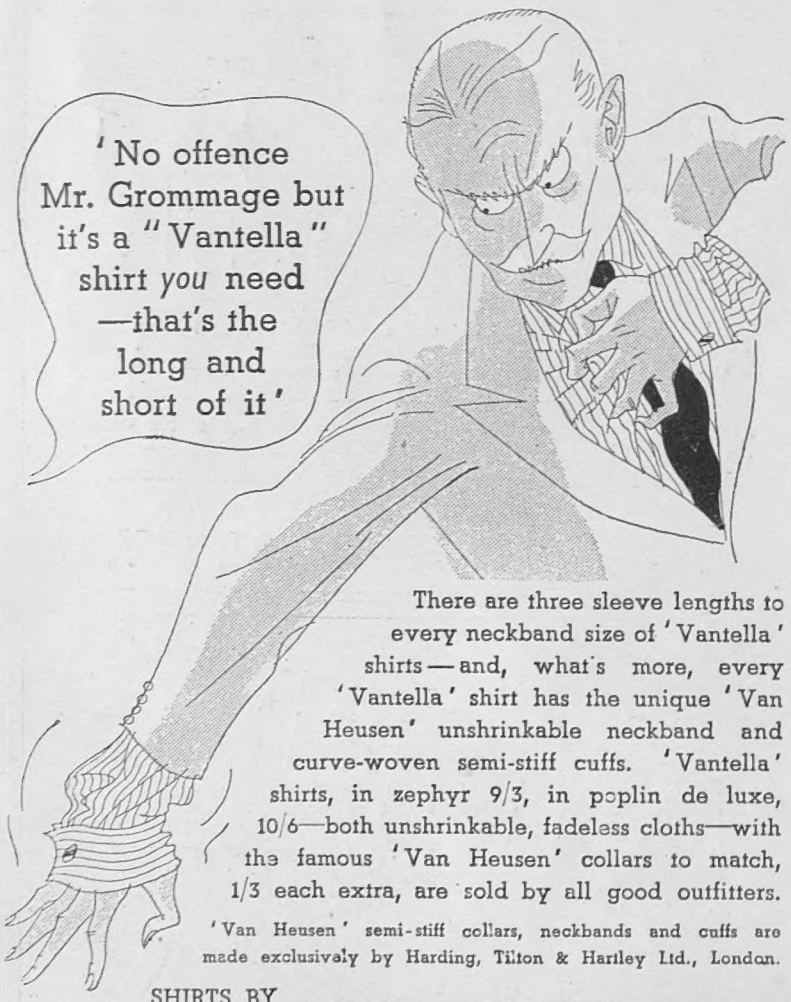

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ORIENT LINE CRUISES

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us the status which should be ours. Still, as of old, we are the easy prey of flat-catchers, still we will swallow any tale however tall, however improbable. Only last week we were thrilling over the "most romantic literary discovery of the century"—"the diary of Dr. Johnson discovered in an immense iron casket so heavy as to require two men to lift the lid." *Ruit exiguus mus.* Lord Talbot, Boswell's great-great-grandson and owner of Malahide where the Boswell papers were so long lodged (other than those at Fettercairn), has himself, in the interests of truth and decency, felt compelled to put inverted commas round the word diary and to blow the gaff on the "sensation." The "diary," alleged to cover many years and to deal with Johnson's association with famous men, boils down to twelve small pages of casual jottings. The "discovery" is no discovery at all since the little note-book was merely detached by error from the mass of papers long since sold to Colonel Isham, and "the immense iron casket" turns out to be a tin despatch box of ordinary dimensions. It is a cold douche to a sensation-mad generation, and cold douches are healthy. Who is to blame for this terminological inexactitude? The exuberant reporter, just now under criticism for his over-exuberance? Or some nimble publicity agent with an eye on the future publication of the Boswell papers? Or the public, for its determination to have its daily sensation even at the cost of its reputation for average intelligence. Of these principals, the one breeds the other in a vicious circle.

LADY HOUSTON'S MILLIONS.—Here again, truth is not so strange as fiction. Lady Houston's millions prove to have been reduced by generosity and paid Exchequer imposts (compulsorily and by act of grace) from £7,000,000 to £3,500,000. After her husband's death Lady Houston inherited £7,000,000. Eleven years later those £7,000,000 had become halved, by his widow's voluntary payments of £2,000,000 and by her act of grace to the Exchequer of £1,500,000. The estate is already further reduced by death duties on the English estate to £2,800,000, and that sum, still further shorn no doubt, will now be sub-divided on intestacy of Lady Houston into a dozen parcels of from £700,000 downwards among the next of kin. The majesty of a vast estate is thus utterly extinguished in a dozen years—which is very healthy. It is a curious position. Lady Houston left a will which really might be adduced as a rare instance of the *unwisdom* of brevity in testamentary dispositions. She left (in a few simple words) everything she possessed to Sir Samuel Hoare's aunt, Miss Hoare, absolutely, and because Miss Hoare pre-deceased her, the whole will became a scrap of paper. But if (for example) she had left to Miss Hoare a legacy of £2,500,000 and the residue to a dogs' home, the will would have stood and only the legacy become inoperative. The dogs' home would have been in clover. It is a rather interesting point. But justice is usually done more nearly under an intestacy than by testament.

STRIP-TEASE.—Faint yet pursuing in the cause of my gentle readers, I duly queued up for the latest sensation from America. I "witnessed" *Strip-Tease You!* at the Victoria Palace. How very high is the standard of talent nowadays at the few surviving variety houses! It is the survival of the fittest no doubt under economic pressure, and only the highest talent is now employed on those variety boards where once so much mediocrity flourished quite successfully. I am not always in sympathy with an all American programme. America's back chat comedians, male and female speak their foreign tongue, too quickly for me and too often sacrifice clarity of diction to facial humour. To which stricture that idol, Vic Oliver, is no exception. His words sometimes splash from the "horse shoe falls" of his mouth and one may drop three of his pearls in ten. But lord! how he works for his success and so deserves it. He it was who introduced the sensation turn of the evening. It is perhaps because the standard of talent is so high that America's Strip-tease No. 1 fell so flat upon me. Nature has given her an attractive form but Nature, or the nature of her stunt, withheld any proof of talent. It was a slow, dreary business watching her removing her clothes, ever and anon retiring to the wings to be unhooked by her dresser. But a pretty face and form are pleasant to see and I should have enjoyed her turn more if the lights had been brighter and we had been allowed to see a little more of what she was willing to show. A very harmless, innocuous "sensation." It was the talented majority which provided matter for the consideration of the censors, if indeed there is anything in the programme to call for censorship. The fun is broad, but why not? Rather have it outspoken than by innuendo and suggestion. I am always entertained at the V.P.

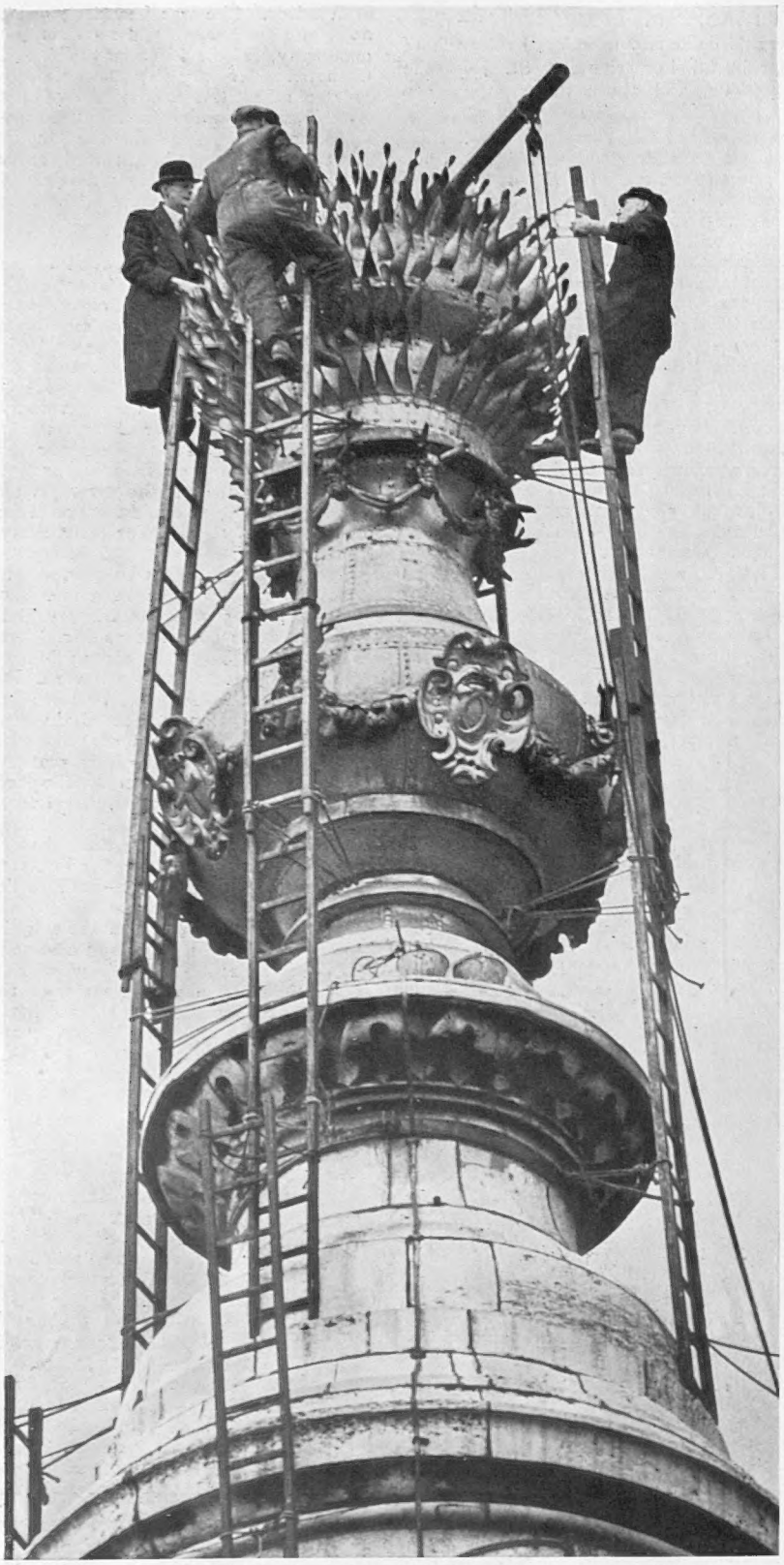
MRS. FITZHERBERT.—Last week's centenary mass at the church of her burial in Brighton, St. John the Baptist's, and above the resting place of her re discovered coffin, called on us to remember with respect Mrs. Fitzherbert, a very good and big-hearted woman in an age of bad men and weak women. Mary Anne (later Maria) Smythe was probably born in Hampshire, and came of a good family of Roman Catholics. She grew into a great beauty, was universally admired, and married in 1775 at the age of nineteen Weld of Lulworth, who died almost at once. Two years later she married Thomas Fitzherbert of Staffordshire, a wealthy man who left her a rich widow in 1781. Twice widowed before she was twenty-five, in the height of her beauty, she settled in Richmond and soon attracted the attention of George IV, then Prince of Wales. He fell violently in love and she fled from his solicitations and went abroad. In 1785 she was induced reluctantly to accept his offer of marriage, and they were united in her own drawing-room in the presence of two of her relations in December, 1785. The marriage was, of course, morganatic, i.e., void under the Royal Marriages Act of 1772. But the secret leaked out and the Prince grew terrified, and Fox (under what circumstances is still a mystery) denied it categorically in Parliament in 1787. The denial made no difference to Mrs. Fitzherbert's reputation. She was everywhere received as a great lady and everywhere respected and admired. Even after the Prince's suitable (save the mark!) marriage, her position remained unassailed. In time the Prince's devotion cooled—long after his second marriage—and in 1811 they finally separated. She was then fifty-five. She was one of the makers of modern Brighton and most of her life divided her time between Tilney Street and the Steyne. She was a rich woman, having an income from jointure and royal allowances of between £6,000 and £8,000 a year. Her "marriage lines" are kept at Windsor. She was beautiful, good, and possessed a wonderful restraint and generosity, and the philosophy of a good Catholic. Her very virtues threw into greater relief the weaknesses of the notable men associated with her. Beside her George IV is revealed in his most contemptible light; and brave and great-hearted Fox must be judged to have perjured his soul with a lie concerning her marriage.

THE CHARM OF WINDSOR.—If there is one month of the year when residence at Windsor Castle is an unforgettable experience, it must be in a smiling April. For then, the new greenery and blossom of that part of the Thames Valley, the views across the Great Park and over Eton, are a pageant of spring and of Shakespearean England which seen from tower and terrace, bring tears to the eyes. While the sun shines, one could feast on it for ever. And if the weather turns nasty, there is within those storied walls such a wealth of treasure to be examined as would not be covered in a month of 8-hr. working days. The Library alone—which owes so much to Mr. Morshead's labours and to Queen Mary's inspiration, contains gems worth the National Debt. Cartoons by the great masters of Renaissance Italy and Flanders, stored in tin containers on shelf upon shelf, the Holbein portraits of Edward VI's household, the first editions and rare volumes, the pictures and miniatures with histories as thrilling as their artistic merit; the folios of water colour sketches by Sandby, that supreme master of the art—perhaps the loveliest sight in the Library. Not to mention the historic interest of the exhibits in the Waterloo chamber and a score of other great rooms. Small wonder if our Sovereigns have put up with the former inconvenience of a sojourn in the Castle for the thrills of its setting and treasures. THE OLD STAGER

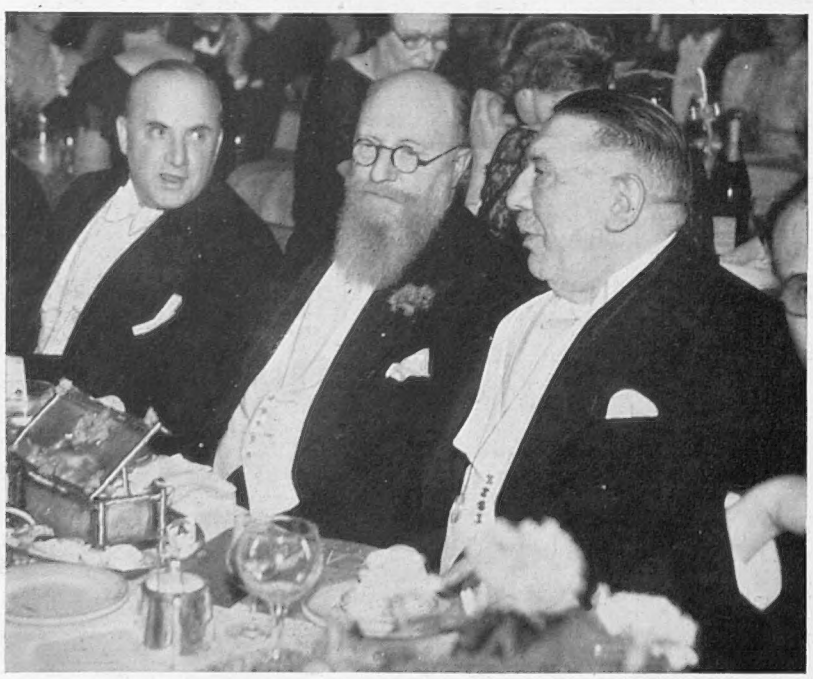
STARTING A NEW LEASE OF LIFE: H.M.S. *Caledonia*, formerly the Cunard White Star liner *Majestic*, and now converted into a naval training vessel, leaving Southampton for Rosyth, where she is to be commissioned as the northern training establishment for boy-seamen and artificer apprentices. The *Majestic*, which was bought by the Admiralty last summer, has been fitted out to house 2,000 North Country boys, who will become seamen and naval engineers. Originally, it was intended to break her up, but Thomas W. Ward, Ltd., of Sheffield, to whom she was sold, sold her in turn to the Admiralty. The estimated cost of her purchase and conversion, which began in September, was about £391,000. The vessel will serve until the erection of a permanent establishment on shore. This will take three years to build

THE IMPERIAL MANTLE OF CLOTH OF GOLD, the magnificent vestment donned by the King after his anointing in the early part of the Coronation ceremony, seen as it was nearing completion at the Royal School of Needlework, South Kensington. It is beautifully adorned with shamrock, thistle, and other emblems

PASSING PAGEANT



"LONDON'S COLUMN POINTING AT THE SKIES": Men engaged in re-furbishing the 42 ft. "flaming gilt urn" surmounting the Monument, the structure erected from the designs of Wren to commemorate the Great Fire. Only one example of the work now being done to make the City spick and span in time for the Coronation



A MODERN VIKING: Mr. Thorwald Stauning (centre), Denmark's Prime Minister, seated between the chairman and vice-chairman of the Danish Club during a visit to the London Casino. Mr. Stauning, a striking figure with his powerful frame and long, flowing beard, has been making an unofficial stay in this country, but he has at the same time taken the opportunity of meeting Mr. Eden

THE "DIVINE WIND" COMES TO LONDON: The scene of enthusiasm which greete twenty-six-year-old pilot Iinuma and wireless operator Tsukagoshi when they lande at Croydon on Friday of last week having completed their record-breaking flight fro Tokyo on which they brought with them Coronation messages to the King and Quee

THE CORONATION ANNEXE NEARS COMPLETION: The imposing structure of st framing and wood infilling, finished externally to harmonise with the stonework Westminster Abbey, which has been designed by Sir James West, C.B.E., F.R.I.B. and set up at the west door. There is one entrance for the King and Queen, abo which is a window flanked by lion figures, and another for the peers and peeresse

THE RECORD-BREAKING TOKYO–LONDON FLIGHT : PRINCE CHICHIBU ARRIVES : ACTIVITY AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY : THE DANISH PREMIER SEES LONDON'S NIGHT LIFE

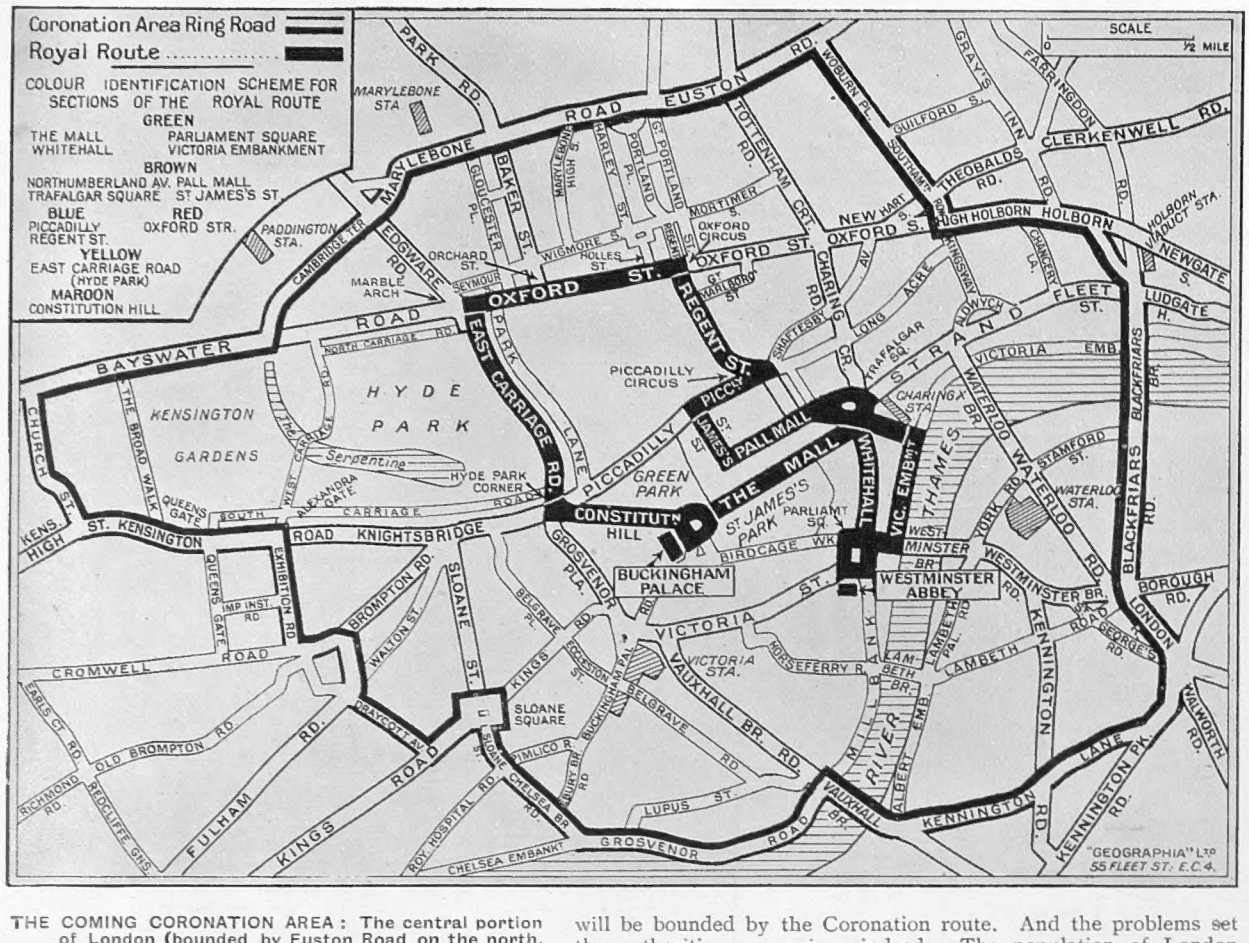
and to the British nation. In their all-Japanese plane, *Divine Wind*, they covered the 5,[illegible]-mile journey in 94 hours 18 minutes and averaged 200 m.p.h. throughout the trip. The chief stopping points en route were Taihoku (Formosa), Hanoi (French Indo-China), Calcutta, Karachi, Baghdad, Athens, Rome, and Paris

while within is a great hall, two smaller halls, and Royal retiring rooms. Fine tapestries, lent by the Duke of Buccleuch and Lord Duveen, will adorn the interior walls. In the great hall the Archbishops, the regalia bearers, members of the College of Arms, and other notabilities will assemble before marching in procession to the Coronation "Theatre" in company with the King and Queen

ROYAL VISITORS FROM JAPAN: Prince and Princess Chichibu, brother and sister-in-law of the Emperor Hirohito, pictured with Staff Captain Finlow of the *Queen Mary* when they arrived at Southampton last Monday at the start of their Coronation visit during which they will represent His Imperial Majesty. Earlier in the day at Plymouth the record-breaking Japanese plane, *Divine Wind*, gave the Prince and Princess a greeting from the skies

INDIA IN ENGLAND: A smiling study of Kishan Singh, the storekeeper of the Nawab of Bhopal's stable staff now quartered at Westonbirt, Gloucestershire, and engaged in preparing His Highness's polo ponies for the Coronation year tournaments at Hurlingham and other centres. The Nawab, who is an accomplished horseman, will captain the team

COPING WITH



THE COMING CORONATION AREA: The central portion of London (bounded by Euston Road on the north, Grosvenor Road on the south, Church Street, Kensington, on the west, and Blackfriars Road on the east) which will be closed to general vehicular traffic on May 12. Buses, coaches, trams, and cabs will be allowed inside this area for the purpose of setting down passengers at special places within easy walking distance of the line of route, but after doing so they must immediately return whence they came. This is only one example of the way in which the police are planning to control traffic when the great day arrives, and thus avoid congestion

FROM midnight on Tuesday, May 11, until the night of the day of the Coronation of King George VI on Wednesday, May 12, London will be—like Gaul—divided into two parts. There will be the "Coronation Area" and all the vastness of London which lies outside it.

The Coronation Area will be bounded by what is known as the Coronation Area Ring Road. On the north side this Ring Road will run from Church Street, Kensington, via the Bayswater Road along Cambridge Terrace to the Marylebone Road and Euston. Thence it will turn south along Woburn Place and Southampton Row to High Holborn, then it will turn sharp east and then run south down the Blackfriars Road across Blackfriars Bridge, and then westward via Kennington and the Grosvenor Road to Sloane Square, through South Kensington, up Exhibition Road, and so back to Church Street—a vast area indeed.

This Coronation Area Ring Road—if the simile is not too grim—might be described as the outer fortifications of London. The citadel on this day of days will be bounded by the Coronation route. And the problems set the authorities are serious indeed. The population of London and the surrounding districts is round about 9,000,000, and no one can calculate as yet what will be the number of the invaders. For there is not only London to be considered. Hordes are coming by special trains and coaches from as far north as Scotland, from the west as far as Cornwall, from East Anglia, and from the highly populated townships of the south. It will be the greatest army of invasion ever known. Many of the invaders from the Dominions and Colonies overseas and from foreign lands are of course already within our gates.

Our police are noted for their powers in dealing with crowds, but never before has Scotland Yard been called upon to cope with such a task. And it is a double task inasmuch as it is the business of the police to admit within the fortress and within the citadel the greatest number of invaders compatible with safety to limb and life.

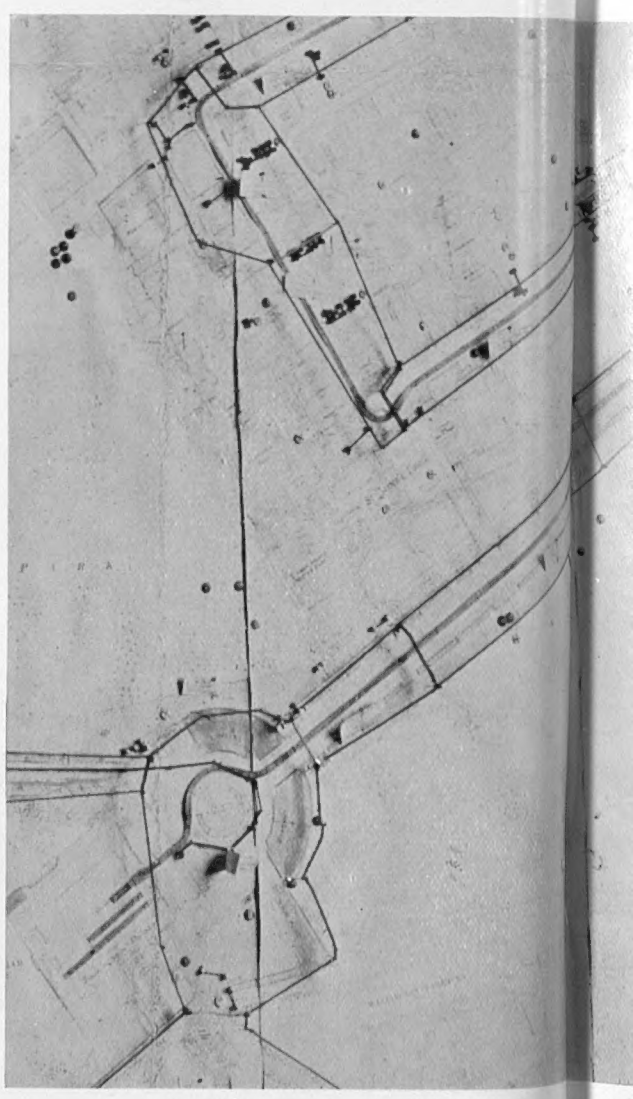
REHEARSAL: Gold Sticks in Waiting, numbering nearly a hundred, who will act as ushers in the Abbey, seen as they arrived for a rehearsal under the supervision of the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal

On the other hand, it is Scotland Yard's stern duty to repel invasion after saturation point has been reached. The scheme of control, therefore, radiates from Scotland Yard, which is the axis, to the periphery, which is nominally the Coronation Area Ring Road. In reality, however, the control will extend far beyond that. All day long police in the counties of Hertfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Essex, Kent, Surrey, Hampshire, and so on will be in constant touch by telephone with Scotland Yard. They will report to headquarters the state of traffic along their own routes. A friendly invasion indeed, in the handling of which the Yard is receiving the co-operation of the Ministry of Transport, the A.A., which has drafted the most comprehensive plans, and the R.A.C., which will provide thousands of patrol men; and last, but by no means least, the London Transport Board, whose management of trains, coaches, and buses will be taxed to the utmost. To understand entirely what is being done one must begin with headquarters.

There hangs at Scotland Yard a vast map which, if it were not there for the serious purpose of simplifying traffic problems at Coronation time, would be a grand plaything for any small boy. For the various sections of the route are marked out in coloured wools and there is a fascinating variety of buttons and studs and discs. Thus you get a lot of little buttons marked "R" which mean reserves of police; little buttons marked with the cross of Geneva, which means that they represent first-aid stations; there are blue discs to mark telephone kiosks; discs hatched in white and blue which represent railway stations; little buttons which mark transverse barriers and, most intriguing of all, masses of little black buttons which represent what are known as "staggered barriers." The latter are massed, in particular, at Trafalgar Square and are planned along the lines of the barriers erected in the "standing room only" portions of big football grounds. Parked and packed behind these barriers the crowd will be unable to surge either backwards or forwards. The people hereabouts, indeed, will be an immovable mass, a highly important consideration at this point partly because of the slope of the ground and partly because it is the most attractive spot from the point of view of what might be called the pedestrian sightseer. It is the only point on the route which the State procession passes twice.

From this map, too, one can see how complete are the police precautions along the route. The route is divided into sections, each section being under the charge of a high police official. All the sections along the route and all the sections of the Coronation Area Ring Road will be in wireless communication with headquarters. Thus, the Higher Command will be able to know throughout the day what is passing on any section concerned, and by wireless will be able to move the "troops"—that is to say, police reserves—from point to point wherever the

A QUESTION OF SECONDS: The fam... through Hyde Park during a rehea... likely to be taken by the Coronat... journeys. Through Central London offic...

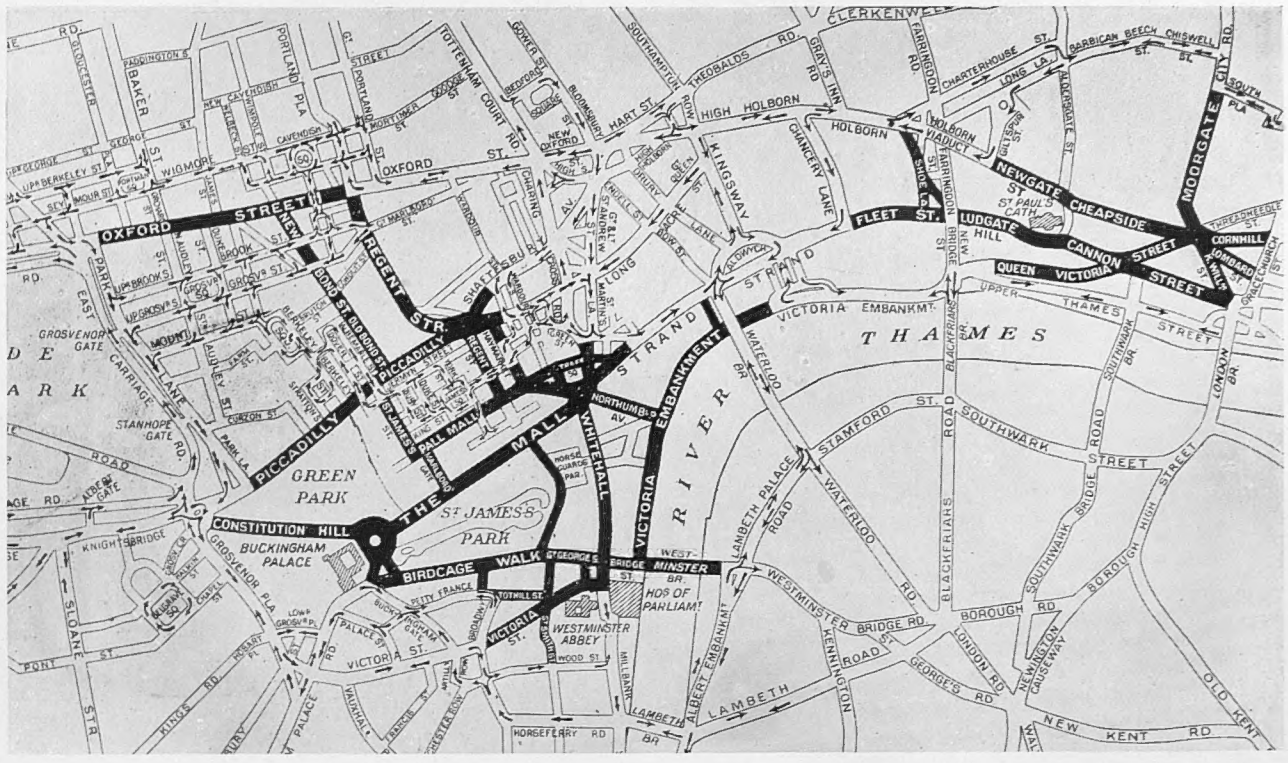


PLANNING TO AVERT CHAOS: A section of the big Coron... signs and symbols, reveals every detail of the police arr... portion of the map includes the 1,500-yard stretch ... (a danger point as the procession passes it twice), ... reserved for the accommodation of children only.

TH THE CORONATION TRAFFIC PROBLEM:

How the Police and the L.P.T.B. Are Tackling Their Formidable Task

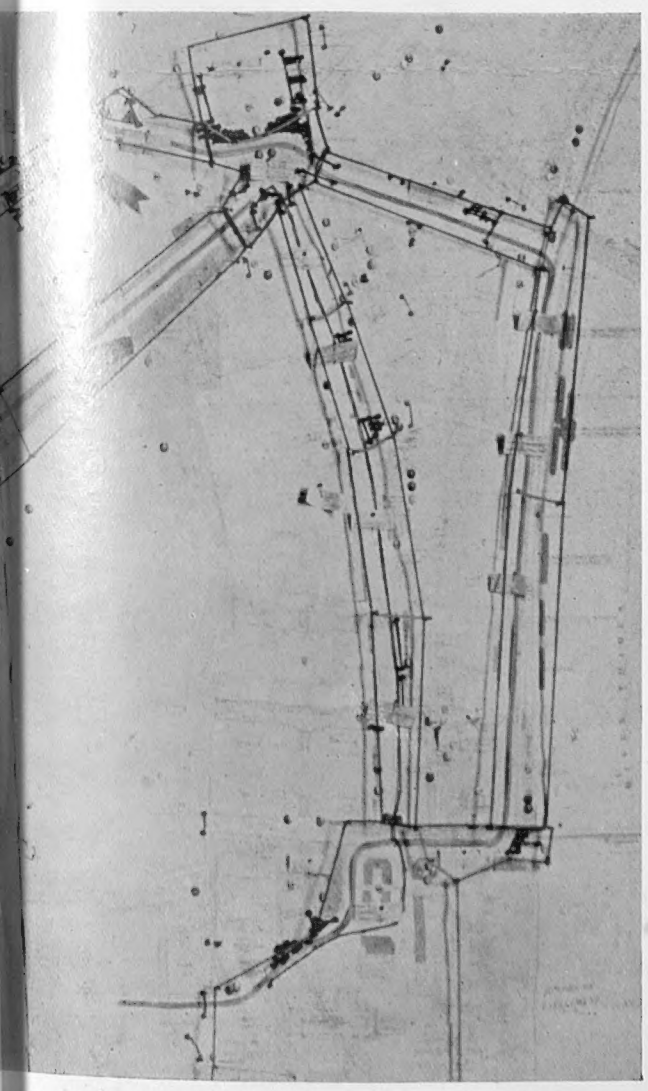
Royal Windsor greys seen as they passed designed to determine the exact time procession on the outward and homeward with stop-watches timed every section



PREFERENCE FOR PEDESTRIANS: This map has been issued by the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis and the Commissioner of Police for the City of London to show the streets that are to be closed to vehicular traffic between 9 p.m. and midnight on the nights from May 12 to 17 inclusive so that the public will have a better chance of seeing the illuminations

are or may be required. But the most interesting point about this map—it is not being circulated to the public but is merely for police information—is the section showing the Mall, that section which runs between Buckingham Palace and the Admiralty Arch. That strip of roadway is 1,500 yds. in length—that is close upon a mile. And one can form a very good idea of the majestic spectacle which will be presented when it is realised that when the King's coach is drawn up within the Palace forecourt, the head of the procession, even before it moves off, will stretch to the Admiralty Arch. It will be a true cavalcade, because all the high officers and troops will be mounted, and the State coaches and semi-State coaches at the tail of the procession will be horse-drawn. This great cavalcade will move slowly, at walking pace in fact, so that any spectator at any point will be able to feast his eyes on pomp and circumstance for the best part of an hour.

Well, let us in our mind's eye see the head of the procession as it moves off. Soon it will fill the whole of Whitehall and the head of it will have proceeded into the distance long before the King's State coach draws near to the Abbey's west door. It is interesting to watch the progress of the procession past this point. It will proceed along Great Smith Street, make a wide detour by way of Horseferry Road, and swinging back by Broadway and Tothill Street, will repass the Abbey during the Coronation Service. When re-formed it will stretch along the Embankment and Northumberland Avenue up to Trafalgar Square. And when the ceremony in the Abbey is over the various dignitaries travelling in the semi-State coaches will walk along the Victoria Embankment to their respective carriages. What a sight this will be for the children who will be massed to the number of about 250,000 along this portion of the route. Indeed, what a day for them, because to avoid trouble in transport they will be brought to their seats by water. A fleet of steamers will be moored along this reach.

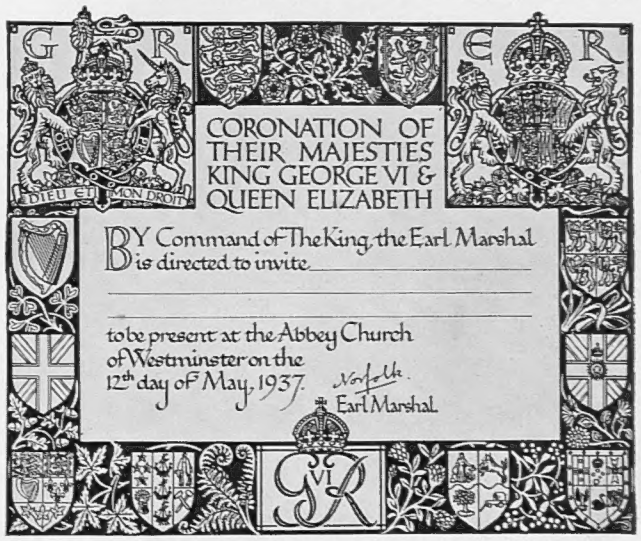


route map which hangs at Scotland Yard and, to those who know its ments for dealing with traffic and pedestrians on May 12. This Buckingham Palace (left hand bottom corner) to Trafalgar Square hall, and, on the right, the Victoria Embankment, which is being police post en route will be in wireless communication with G.H.Q.

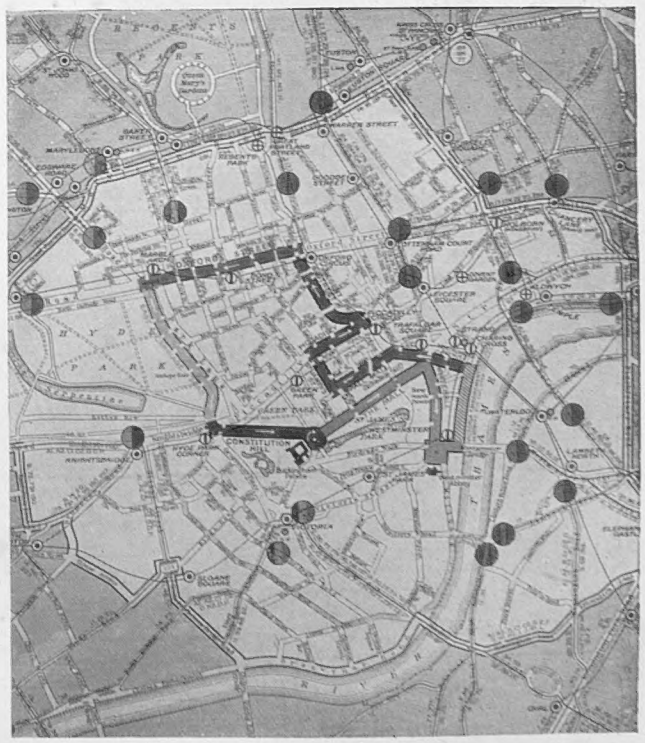
We will return for a moment to the route of the State Procession. For convenience' sake the various sections have been allotted different colours. Thus, Oxford Street is red, Constitution Hill maroon, and the Mall green. Those who wish to approach the route by car must apply before April 20 for a windscreen label of the same colour as the block of stands in which their seats are.

From 2.30 a.m. to as late an hour as possible on Coronation morning, vehicles bearing these special labels will be allowed to enter the area at a number of definite points. But the earlier you are the better your chance of getting through. Certain streets have been allotted for the parking of cars within easy walking distance of the route. But when those streets are packed to the full no more cars will be admitted. People going by car should at any rate make sure of the latest times at which they must be in their seats. It is impossible to go into details, but those with seats in the Mall must be in them by 6 a.m. those in Oxford Street at 7 a.m. Even so it is only perhaps.

(Continued on page 136)



INVITATION TO THE ABBEY: The 7,000 members of the Coronation congregation who receive this card from the Earl Marshal receive at the same time instructions as to how to reach Westminster from the particular area in which they reside and at what time at latest they must be in their seats

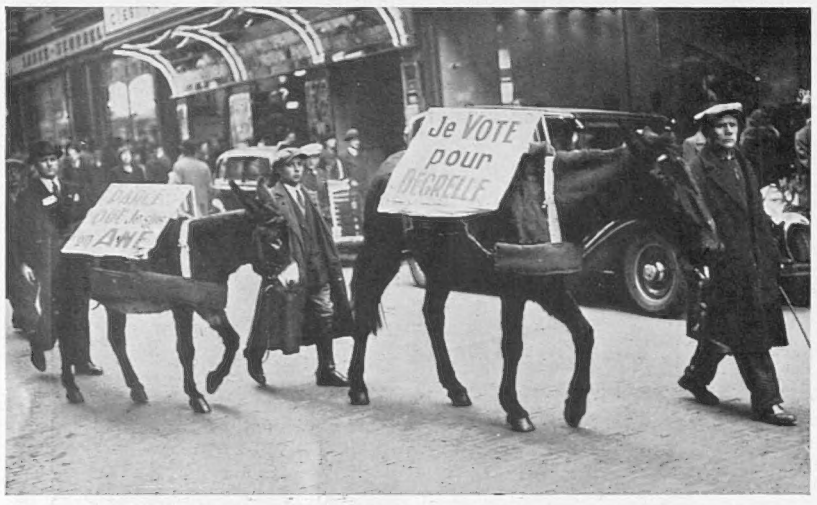


THE L.P.T.B. PLAYS ITS PART: A section of the map, issued in colours by the London Passenger Transport Board, which when studied in conjunction with an accompanying key shows the best way of reaching any given point on the Coronation route

ELECTION FEVER IN BRUSSELS

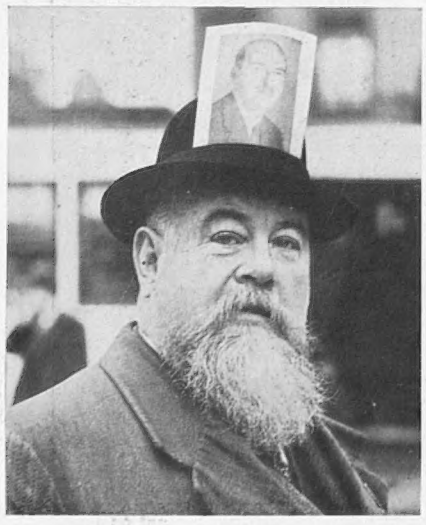
M. van Zeeland Wins His Duel on the Hustings with Rexist Degrelle

VICTOR IN A POLITICAL SINGLE COMBAT: M. van Zeeland, the Belgian Premier, outside a Brussels polling booth after casting his vote in last Sunday's momentous by-election in which he stood against M. Léon Degrelle, the young leader of the Fascist Rex Party, and scored a remarkably decisive victory, receiving 275,840 votes to his opponent's 69,242. This dramatic struggle between the two leaders was engineered by M. Degrelle, who forced one of his adherents to resign the seat and then challenged the Prime Minister to a test of strength

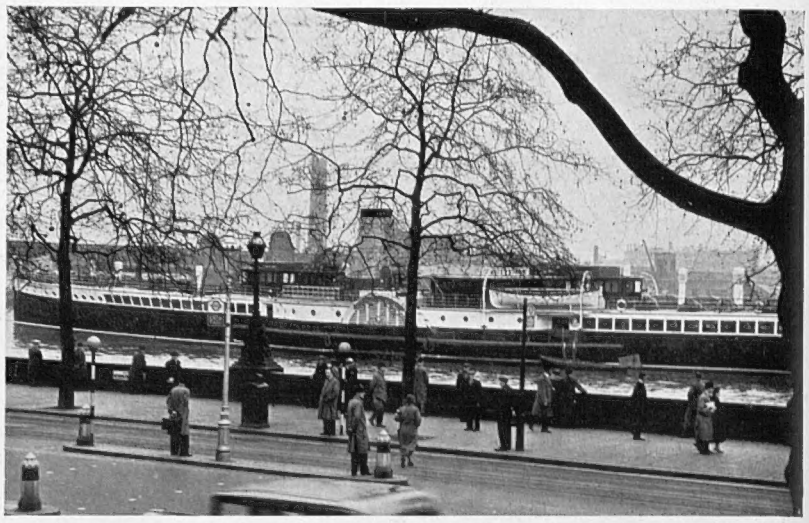


"I VOTE FOR DEGRELLE BECAUSE I AM AN ASS" ran the wording on the placards borne by these two animals through the streets of Brussels. One aspect of the full-blooded election propaganda employed by M. van Zeeland in his fight

MAKING THEM SMILE: Weird figures—one of them seemingly headless—employed as a means of promoting anti-Fascist election propaganda in the streets of the capital



THE PREMIER'S PARTISANS: *Left*—This veteran showed his support for M. van Zeeland by fixing a portrait of him in the ribbon of his hat. *Above*—Destroying Fascist posters



FLOATING GRANDSTAND: The pleasure steamer, *Crested Eagle*, is now moored off Victoria Embankment and is being prepared for the accommodation of 1,000 or more people who will view the Coronation procession from her decks. The Embankment itself is being reserved exclusively for London schoolchildren

How London's Children Will View the Coronation Procession

Elaborate Plans for Assembling Them on the Victoria Embankment

One of the most interesting features of the Coronation arrangements is the fact that facilities have been granted for a large assembly of children on Victoria Embankment and that no adults, save those in an official capacity, will be admitted to this part of the processional route. The preparations for marshalling the youngsters are elaborate in the extreme and, in this connection, the following details culled from the *London County Council Gazette* are of particular interest :—

Berets or caps should be worn as a protection against hot sun or rain. It will be realised that hats with brims may obscure the view of children behind.

Every child must have a stout tab of uniform size for the school (e.g., a luggage label) fastened securely to the clothing in order that he or she may be readily identified.

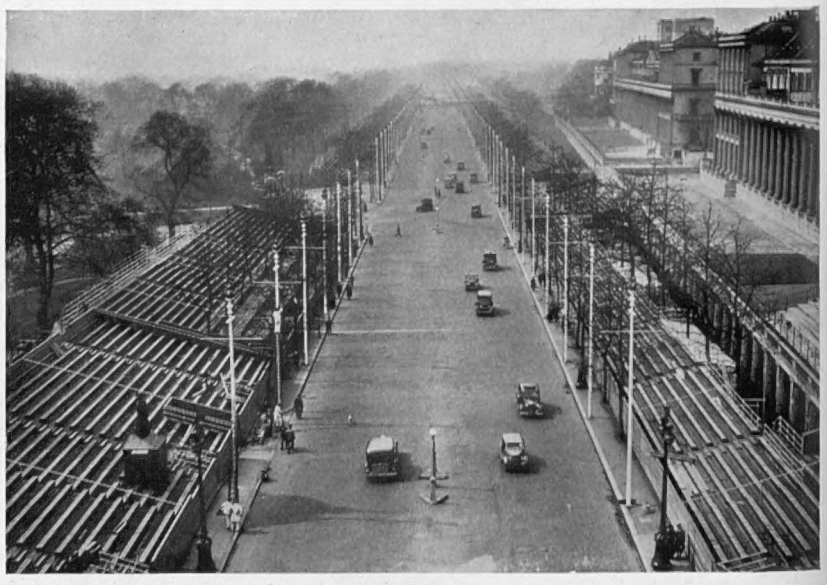
For Special Services parties travelling by road, discs are being issued officially with the vehicle number on the front. The child's particulars will have to be written at the school on the back of the disc.

A placard (about 2 ft. by 18 ins.) should also be prepared which can be carried at the head of the school contingent. This should contain on one side the name of the school and the distinguishing letter and number which indicates the position of the school party on the processional route; and on the reverse side the number of the train, steamer, or tram load, and, in the case of train or steamer parties, the names of the departure and home piers or stations (see handbook for all these particulars). No flags or streamers will be allowed; children may, however, bring coloured handkerchiefs to wave.

There will be no facilities for children to purchase refreshments. Every child should bring a suitable supply of food. It is hoped that as many school parties as possible will make for themselves "shopping bags," say 18 ins. by 15 ins., with waterproof material on one side. These will serve a number of purposes, e.g., to carry the child's lunch and the coat or mackintosh if fine and to carry away any litter which has not been collected on the site. It may be possible for girls' schools to make such bags and to provide a number for contingents from boys' schools, who might, in return, supply girls' schools with the placards referred to above. It may be possible for a number of the children to provide themselves with cheap air cushions.

It should be impressed upon the children that they will have ample opportunities to eat their food after arrival. If fruit is not considered a satisfactory substitute for drink, the drink should be carried in some safe receptacle and children should be advised to conserve their supply.

On arrival at the Embankment the parties will, under the direction of stewards, take up the positions on the processional route. These positions will be clearly indicated in the handbook. There will be no seats for children, and it will not, as it was first thought, be possible to allow teachers accompanying the parties or stewards to bring collapsible seats. It is hoped, however, that it will be possible to provide in the neighbourhood of the route sufficient seating accommodation to enable women teachers and stewards to rest during at any rate part of the time. Although there will be no seats for children, there will be room for them to sit on their coats or mackintoshes and air cushions where the child can obtain one. Posts for lost children will be at the First Aid depots.

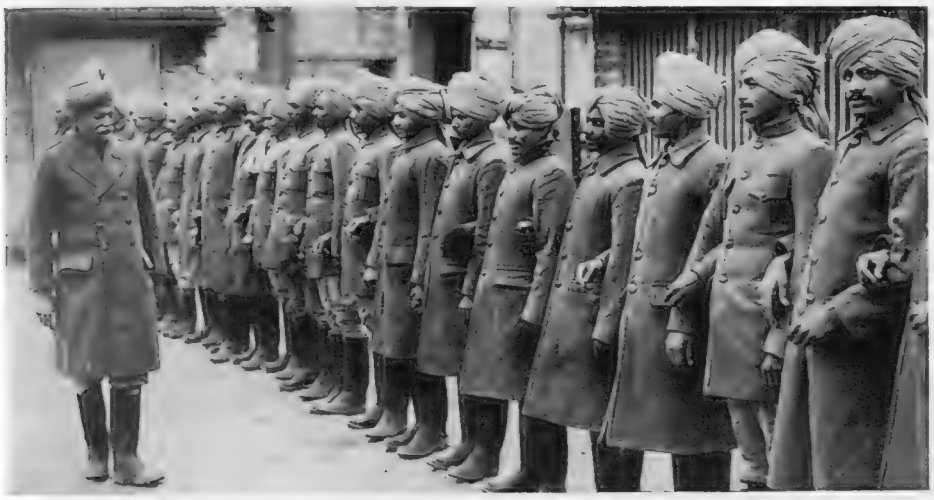


THE MALL IN FESTIVE GARB: The great thoroughfare and its Coronation stands

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER PAYS A VISIT TO THE EAST END

The New Coronation Army Uniforms and Other Pictures

ROYAL INAUGURATION: The Duchess of Gloucester accompanied by Prebendary Carlile and the Mayor of West Ham (Mrs. Parsons) during her official opening of the thirty-six flats and eighteen cottages built by the Church Army in Prince Regent Lane, West Ham, under its re-housing scheme. *Above on right*—The Duchess playing table tennis in one of the flats



WELL GROOMED! The Indian grooms who are in charge of the ponies the Nawab of Bhopal has sent to England to take part in the Coronation year polo tournaments being inspected before the start of the day's work at their headquarters at Westonbirt, Gloucestershire. The ponies are valued at £28,000 and the team is to be captained by the Nawab himself

ANOTHER DOMINION STATESMAN ARRIVES FOR THE CORONATION: Mr. A. A. Dunston, Premier of Victoria, pictured with his wife after leaving the boat train at Victoria. Mr. Forgan Smith, the Queensland Premier, got here before him, making the journey by air

CHANGING ARMY FASHIONS: These are the new walking out uniforms which Regular and Territorial soldiers will wear at the Coronation, having now been approved by the King at a special parade at Buckingham Palace. The tunics are of blue serge and are of much smarter cut than the patterns that have hitherto been in use. The rank of N.C.O.s is marked in gold chevrons. *On right*—The Hon. Patrick Bellew and Mrs. Bellew, daughter of Lord Decies, with their infant son John Jeremy after his christening at Brompton Oratory last week

BRITAIN'S NEW STOREHOUSE OF NAVAL

OLD MASTERS IN A MODERN SETTING: The portraits of naval personalities in Gallery III displayed to outstanding advantage on white screens which jut from the walls and provide an ideal neutral background. A picture that typifies the excellent arrangement of the exhibits in the new National Maritime Museum at Greenwich which is to opened by the King and Queen on April 27 wh according to the details announced last week, they will travel down-stre from Westminster in an admiral's barge in charge of the King's Bargemaste Mr. J. T. Phelps. The exhibits are for the most part situated in the Queen's Hous

HERO OF THE DAY: A representation of Nelson as the figure-head of H.M.S. *Horatio*, a vessel built in 1807, two years after Trafalgar, which distinguished itself by capturing the French *Junon* in 1809, the French *Nécessité* in 1810, and two Danish ships in 1812. This relic of it is now among the many interesting exhibits in the Maritime Museum

THE FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "CANOPUS," an interesting exhibit at the Queen's House. *Canopus* was captured from the French at the battle of the Nile and later commissioned in the British service

The old saying th "the shoemake children are oft the worst sho which has for long been applica to Britain's lack a publicly-own marine collecti worthy of her s going tradition will fortunately justified no long in this respect a April 27, the da on which the Ki and Queen will down to Greenwi and open the mag ficent new Natio Maritime Muse in the histor Queen's House. T house has of rec months been r tored by the Off of Works to i original Stuart a pearance, and i galleries and tho in the adjoini blocks have be

ONE OF THE GREAT COLONNADES: A pleasing architectural feature adde to the Queen's House in the year of Trafalgar in order to provide a lin between the main building and two newer blocks adjoining. The colo nades follow by chance the course of the old Woolwich-Deptford roa

TREASURES: *The National Maritime Museum, in the Queen's House, Greenwich, which is to be Opened by the King and Queen on Tuesday, April 27*

the famous Royal residence begun by Inigo Jones for Anne of Denmark, consort of James I, and completed in 1635 for the occupation of Henrietta Maria, consort of Charles I. During the plague the Navy Office, with Pepys as secretary, was installed there, and it was also the scene of the lying-in-state of the great Robert Blake, Cromwell's austere but brilliant Puritan General of the Fleet

THE GRAND STAIRCASE AND BELFRY constructed of timber taken from H.M. ships *Defence*, *Defiance*, *Ganges*, and *Arethusa*. On the floor above is Gallery III, which is depicted at the top of this page

admirably fitted to house a magnificent series of exhibits including the Macpherson collection of over 11,000 marine and naval prints, engravings, and paintings, and the ship's models, etc., from the training vessel, *Mercury*. The portraits by Lely are particularly notable

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL BUILDINGS, scene of the stirring naval pageant of a few years back, glimpsed through one of the colonnades adjoining the Queen's House. The conversion of the house into the new museum is largely a result of the efforts of the Society for Nautical Research

THE BRITISH LION as the figure-head of the 74-gun, 1,750-ton ship *Hogue* which was launched at Deptford in 1811, and in the year that followed played a prominent part in the war with America under the command of Captain the Hon. Thomas Bladen Capel

Royal Sphere pictures by A. Console

COLONIAL ACQUISITION THROUGH THE

	PORTUGAL	SPAIN	GREAT BRITAIN	FRANCE	HOLLAND	GERMANY	ITALY
From 1400 A.D.	Sent expedition down the **West Coast of Africa** discovering the mouth of the **Congo** 1482—Bartholomew Diaz discovered the **Cape of Good Hope** 1497—Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape. Sailed up **East Coast of Africa** and across to **India**	**America** discovered by Christopher Columbus (1492) under the patronage of the monarchs of Castile and Aragon	Sent expeditions (reign of Henry VII) under Cabot who discovered **Newfoundland** and **Labrador**	Discovered **St. Lawrence River** and sent settlers to **Quebec** and **Montreal**—founding **Canada**			
From 1500 A.D.	Captured **Sofala**, **Mozambique,** and **Zanzibar,** annexed islands of **Fernando Po, San Thome** and **Principe** Established themselves in **Angola** Had trading stations between **Senegal** and lower part of **Gambia River** Founded settlements on **Persian Gulf,** coast of **India,** and **Indian Archipelago** **Brazil** discovered	Conquered **Mexico** Conquered **Peru** Owned by Pope's decree all the **American Continent** and **Islands**	**From 1500 A.D.** Sent expeditions to discover way to **India** by North East and North West passages Muscovy Company founded to discover North East passage 1577—**Drake sailed round the World** 1583—Attempt to settle colony on **Newfoundland** (the oldest colony) First settlement made in **Virginia** East India Company founded for trading—gained trading settlements in **India**				

PORTUGAL'S HEYDAY: In this, the first of these tables setting out the achievements of the European Powers in the realm of colonial expansion, Portugal holds pride of place, for as the fifteenth century wore on the encouragement given by Prince Henry the Navigator to his seamen led to the voyages of such men as Diaz, Vasco da Gama, and Magellan who brought honour, wealth, and imperial power to their country and satisfied their own abundant thirst for adventuring. Soon Britain was following suit and before the sixteenth century was out Virginia was being settled and the East India Company had come into being

	PORTUGAL	SPAIN	GREAT BRITAIN	FRANCE	HOLLAND	GERMANY	ITALY
From 1700 A.D.	Dominions in **Africa** beginning to be visited. During sixteenth century had been in sole power there		1795—Captured **Cape Colony** from the Dutch during Napoleonic Wars **Canada** won from the French during Seven Years War **INDIA**—Large territories acquired after Clive's defeat of the French Presidencies of **Bombay, Bengal,** and **Madras.** Under treaties with ruling Princes became overlord of large districts **Gibraltar** captured from Spain (1704) **Trinidad** and other **West Indian Islands** captured **Straits Settlements** taken from the Dutch during the Napoleonic Wars **AMERICA**—Colonies rebelled and founded United States, 1783 **Australia** and **New Zealand** discovered	Took **Mauritius,** 1721 Lost much territory—after Napoleonic Wars In 1783 at Peace of Paris at end of War of American Independence, France ceded **Louisiana** to Spain and so lost all territory in **North America**	Lost **Cape Colony** Lost **Straits Settlements**		

BRITAIN FORGES AHEAD: After 1700 more territory was added to the British Empire. Canada and India were won from the French, Gibraltar was captured from Spain, and Cape Colony from the Dutch. The American colonies, however, due in large measure to the autocratic policy of the third of the Georges, seceded from the mother country after Bunker's Hill

CENTRE OF EAST AFRICA: ... great church of brick and thatch ... Nyasa, is the headquarters of ... Livingstone. Nyasaland has ...

UNDER BRITISH MANDATE: ... Cameroons, showing the buildi... Plantation Company, a Germ... towering in the background ... Germany is now claiming ... obtained by conquest by Franc...

"SOUTH-WEST": A main street ... ous little capital of South-W... once belonged to Germany ... administered under Mandate as ... Union of South Africa. ... past three years been troub... within the mandatory area, ... Hertzog, the Union Premier, issu... to restrain the activities of all ...

GERMANY has lately brought the colonial question right into the forefront of international politics, setting, by her claims for the return of territory captured in 1914–1918, a problem difficult of solution and one upon which politicians are careful not to commit themselves, but upon which certain African territories are more outspoken. It is not the purpose

CENTURIES: *Germany's Insistent Urging for the Return of Her Colonies Brings into the Limelight the Whole Question of Territorial Expansion, the Story of which is Here Recorded*

MISSIONARY ENDEAVOUR: This on the island of Likoma, in Lake Universities Mission, founded by Dr. a British protectorate since 1891

town of Bota in the of the West African owned concern, and Cameroon Mountain. territory, which was British Forces in 1914–18

Windhoek the prosper- Africa, the territory that since the war has been integral part of the Government has for the by Nazi political action on April 2 General a proclamation seeking British political bodies

on these pages to discuss the pros and cons. of the situation, but the accompanying tables, telling the story of Imperial expansion, are reproduced as having a definite interest at this juncture.

	PORTUGAL	SPAIN	GREAT BRITAIN	FRANCE	HOLLAND	GERMANY	ITALY
From 1600 A.D.	Opened up **Brazil** Extended **Angora** and **Mozambique** Lost possessions on **Gold Coast** and **Senegal River** to the Dutch	Still owned large territory in **America**	James I sent ships to **Gambia** and **Gold Coast** to search for **Niger River** 1610 — **Newfoundland** settled 1612 — **Bermudas** colonised **New England** settlement by Pilgrim Fathers **Bahamas** occupied and other **West Indian Islands** **Jamaica** conquered from Spain **Maryland** granted to Lord Baltimore **Carolina** colony founded **Bombay** acquired as dowry of Catherine of Braganza **Madras** site acquired from ruling Rajah Gained **New York** by conquest from the Dutch Lost some **Spice Islands** in **East Indies** to the Dutch	Took possession of **Senegal** and **Senegambia** Took **Acadia (Nova Scotia)** in 1632 Acquired ports of **India — Pondichery,** etc. Acquired islands in the **West Indies— Martinique, Guadaloupe,** etc. **Louisiana** discovered by **La Salle**— later colonised by France and **New Orleans** founded	Seized Portuguese possessions on **Senegal Coast** Captured Portuguese ports on **Gold Coast** Started two great trading companies **(West Indian** and **East Indian)** 1621 — Dutch West India Company founded settlement on the Essequibo. Developed wild **Dutch Guiana** 1632 — Settled in **New Amsterdam** on the **Hudson River** (now **New York,** conquered by England in 1664) 1652 — Settled in **Cape Colony**		

SPREADING ACROSS THE SEVEN SEAS: The seventeenth century was for Britain a time of remarkable expansion, acquisition, and colonisation, Newfoundland, Bermuda, New England, the Bahamas, Jamaica, Maryland, Bombay, and Madras all looming large in the Imperial scheme of things. Spain still held on to her vast possessions in South America, while France and Holland, those other great maritime nations, were making strides. Portugal opened up Brazil, extended Angora and Mozambique, but lost territory in Africa to the Dutch. It was to be centuries yet before the German people were to think in terms of Empire beyond the seas

	PORTUGAL	SPAIN	GREAT BRITAIN	FRANCE	HOLLAND	BELGIUM	GERMANY	ITALY
From 1800 A.D.	Continued to hold territory in **Africa, East Africa** along the coast by **Zambesi; West Africa,** district south of the **Congo**	Lost all her most important colonies Only **Cuba** and **Porto Rico** remaining in **America** and two small colonies in **West Africa** Spain lost all her important colonies when she lost **Cuba** during her war with the United States in 1898	Made discoveries of interior of **Africa** finding **Source of the Nile** and the **Great Lakes** Dutch forts and towns on **West Coast of Africa** acquired in exchange for others in the **East** **INDIA** **Central Provinces Sindh - Punjab** added, **Burma** conquered **Singapore** purchased, **Hong Kong** acquired, Queen Victoria proclaimed Empress of India **Uganda Protectorate** 1894 **Nigeria** started by a trading company —taken over by Government in 1896 **SOUTH AFRICA** **Natal–Kaffirland–Zululand–Bechuanaland** acquired **NEW ZEALAND** Annexed 1839 and colonised	**Algeria** conquered, 1848 full conquest **Assam** and **Tong King** acquired **Tunis, Algeria,** and large part of **Morocco** owned by France who held sway of vast territory in **North West Africa**		**Congo Protectorate** instituted by Leopold II of Belgium	1884 — Started trading companies in **South West Africa**— afterwards annexed by Government By agreement in 1890 German claims in **Africa** were settled by great stretch of territory in **East Africa** Acquired **Togoland,** also **Cameroons** on **West Coast of Africa** Seized **Bismarck Archipelago** **Carolinas** and **Marianne Islands** acquired from Spain	Acquired **Somaliland** about 1880 **Tripoli** from the Turks in 1912 Acquired **Abyssinia** 1935–6

GERMANY AND ITALY COME INTO THE PICTURE: After Britain had consolidated her position in Africa, India, and New Zealand, adding still further to the formidable total of her possessions, and France had made headway on the African shores of the Mediterranean, Italy and Germany, countries rejoicing in a new found unity, looked to the south and sought with no little success to make up for lost opportunities

WITH THE FLEMINGS AND WALLOONS

A Visit to the New and Infinitely Gayer Belgium

A Veritable Home from Home to the Englishman

By CHARLES GRAVES

IT is a strange war which does not help foreign manufacturers, and the trouble in Spain is making Belgium remarkably prosperous. I have just returned from a week's tour of that country—my first visit since 1931, a few weeks before I first started to write for THE SPHERE. Six years ago Liége, which one may call the Birmingham of Belgium, was particularly listless. Good shops were few, and the articles for sale were of poor quality. To-day Liége is a place of neon lights; there are first-class stores all over the town; new houses are being built in all directions; dozens of new restaurants have sprung up; everybody looks prosperous; and—surest sign of all—the streets are jammed with new motor cars. This is true of all Belgium, indeed. I imagine that no country in Europe has as many motor cars per head of the population as Belgium. Alas, most of them are American cars. This, however, is one of the very few exceptions to the rule of "Buy British" if you cannot buy Belgian.

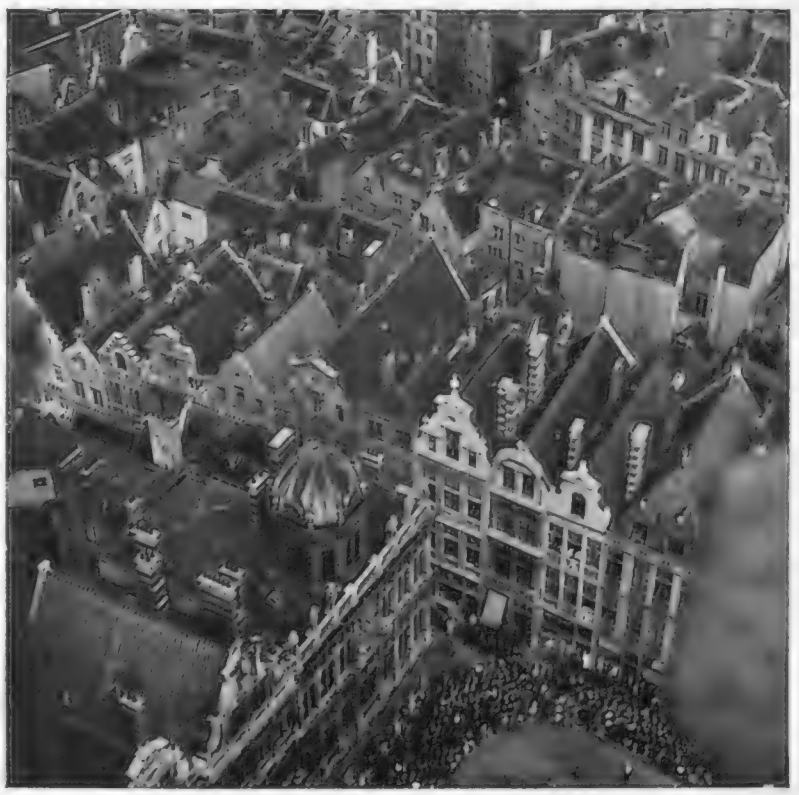
THE HOTEL DE VILLE, LIÉGE—THE BIRMINGHAM OF BELGIUM: This is the Liége of tradition, but, as Charles Graves points out, the city has changed enormously of late, and shed its listlessness. Now it is a place of neon lights and gay night life

The music-halls are full of English actors and actresses. Leading ladies and juvenile leads all seem to be English. English beer and English stout are drunk in vast quantities throughout Belgium. Two taverns in the Boulevard Adolph Max sell 120,000 bottles of beer and stout every year to their clients. This is despite the fact that it costs three times as much as the local product. Almost everybody seems to talk English. Indeed, it is difficult to get anybody to talk French to you, however impeccable your accent. At the trotting races most of the animals are English and have English names. Golf is the fashionable pastime of the upper classes, and what could be more British than that? Association football is immensely popular, and most of the teams have had English coaches in the past. In the newspapers they give a full list of the English Soccer results day by day, as well even as those of the Scottish League.

Yes, Belgium is really a home from home for the Englishman, with prices barely half of what he would pay in this country. Until I visited Tangier last December I thought that Nice would be the ideal place to which to retire in old age. Since visiting Belgium again I have come to the conclusion that Brussels would be even more attractive than Tangier, and certainly much closer to England. The best way to illustrate the cost of living is to cite personal experiences. A double bedroom and bathroom overlooking the gardens at the Palace Hotel, which corresponds to the Savoy in London, is a guinea a day for the two of you. You can get a six or seven course lunch with a bottle of wine at an excellent restaurant for 4s. The stalls at the leading theatres are about 5s. each. The very best burgundy (and the Belgians get the best burgundy just as we get the best champagne) costs less than half the price of wines in London. If you can find a restaurant where they will break the law and serve you liqueur brandy, you will find that you can get a glass for 9d. or less. The Belgian lobsters have a reputation all their own, which they deserve, and cost a trifle over 2s. for a whole one. English cigarettes cost actually a halfpenny less than they do in London. The popular American varieties, and the Egyptian and Turkish too, cost exactly one half of the price in Great Britain. Anything that you buy in the shops is about one-third of what you would have to pay over here.

An Englishman who has a considerable house just outside Brussels with drawing-room, dining-room, library, four bedrooms, and two bathrooms, as well as, of course, a kitchen, pantry, and lavatories, pays a rent of 6,000 francs a year. As you get 145 francs to the £ this comes to less than £1 a week, although there is a fine garden about an acre in extent. Servants are also delightfully inexpensive. A married couple are happy to be paid 3 guineas a month for the two of them.

The ordinary domestic servant is paid 10s. a week. This contrasts interestingly with the average earnings of various classes in Belgium. A policeman is considered to be very well paid because he gets 1,400 francs a month. A judge receives 48,000 francs a year. This, you observe, is less than £300 per annum. The miners were getting exactly 27 francs a day, until recently their pay was raised to an average of 38 francs a day. Bank clerks are paid 1,600 francs a month, which is just about £2 10s. a week. Shop girls receive 12s. 6d. a week plus a percentage on sales. Tramway drivers get 1,200 francs a month.



"SUR LES TOITS DE BRUXELLES": Looking down on the Grande Place, focal point of Belgium's capital

The average Belgian labourer has a breakfast of coffee, bread, and lard, taking a lunch of bread and cold pork with him, and has a dinner at 8 p.m. of potatoes and a meat stew. The Belgians, by the way, are tremendous potato eaters, and pork is their favourite meat. Not much mutton is eaten in Belgium, though there is a good deal of veal and also horse-flesh. The latter can be as expensive as beef and, according to English residents, at least as good.

Rentals in Brussels are remarkably low. You can get a good five-roomed flat in the West End district for a little under £1 a week. In the Avenue Louise, which one can describe as the Carlton House Terrace of Brussels, you can pay as much as 1,000 francs a month for a large apartment; but furnished rooms in quite good areas can cost as little as 15s. a month. It is, however, the ambition of most Belgians to own their own home. Clothes are also cheap. You can have a suit made to measure for £2, the top price being 10 or 12 guineas—cut by an English tailor.

There are restaurants where you can get a complete dinner with three courses and a glass of beer for 1s. But readers of THE SPHERE will be much more interested in the higher-class restaurants. Of these there are at least as many as in Paris itself, and just as good. I give pride of place to the Taverne Royale. You can get an idea of its quality when I tell you that they have 120 different kinds of hors d'œuvres. This is a restaurant with an international standard and international dishes. Equally good in its own way is the Petit Louvain. This restaurant specialises in all kinds of fish, lobsters, and oysters, and mutton chops. The head wine waiter there told me that they have a cellar of 150,000 bottles of wine. The burgundy there is particularly good. Another restaurant which specialises in fish and saddle of baby lamb is the Marée. To give an idea of its atmosphere and admirable quality one might call it the Scott's of Brussels. The Dauphin, opposite La Belle Meunière, another famous restaurant, is also first class, with that gilt and olive-green décor which one associates with Ciro's in the old days. You should also try the Filet de Sole, the Epaule de Mouton, the restaurants of the Palace Hotel and the Plaza, and, if you are on your honeymoon, the Roi d'Espagne. The Silver Grill has a great reputation, but on this occasion I was distinctly disappointed.

As I write it is not yet certain whether the Alcohol Act of 1919 will cease to exist on May 1. If it does, it will mean that Brussels will be able to provide you with a variety of the best luncheons and dinners in the world. At present restaurants are not allowed to sell you any alcohol of a greater alcoholic content than burgundy—which is just the reason why one always gets the best burgundy. It means, however, that you cannot legitimately have a glass of vintage port or liqueur brandy; nor, indeed, any liqueur to round off your meal. And it is not until one is deprived of them that one realises how important they are to the perfect dinner. It is true that several restaurants sell alcohol despite the law. One can almost take it for granted, however, that such restaurants are on the down-grade and are risking heavy fines and possibly closure by the police in order to continue to attract clients. Even one of the restaurants near the battlefield of Waterloo could not resist the temptation to sell whisky and gin and other hard liquor to lure the charabanc loads of English tourists. The result was that it was closed for six weeks. This must have cost hundreds of pounds.

Belgium, indeed, is a country of extraordinary compromise. There are speak-easies all over Brussels. The police know about them, raid them for the sake of appearances once a year, and leave it at that. Sometimes when

(*Continued on page 128*)

Sphere Survey

PRESENTING CREDENTIALS: M. Bagher Azimi, the new Iranian Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Japan, and Madame Azimi leaving for the Imperial Palace, Tokyo, where the former was received in audience by the Emperor Hirohito on the occasion of his taking up his appointment

ITALY'S AIRMEN ON PARADE: The scene before the Victor Emmanuel monument in Rome as the King of Italy, accompanied by Signor Mussolini, Marshal Badoglio, Marshal de Bono, and cabinet members, presented a new flag to the Air Force. Afterwards machine guns were fired from the top of the monument as a salvo of honour, and then the officers and men of fifty-two squadrons marched past

PURSUED BY THE PRESS: Princess Juliana of Holland, who has been closely attended by photographers throughout her honeymoon trip, covers up to avoid yet another picture while out shopping in Paris with an English friend. Her Royal Highness and Prince Bernhard have now returned to The Hague to prepare for their visit to England for the Coronation

"IT WAS A FAMOUS VICTORY": Emperor Hirohito, with Prince Chichibu standing on the left and Prince Takamatsu on the right, proposing the toast on Army Day in Tokyo when officers and men celebrated the Battle of Mukden in 1905 at which the Japanese under Oyama routed the Russian force of 300,000 under Kuropatkin compelling them to evacuate the Manchurian capital—the cradle of the Manchu dynasty. The Russians lost 26,500 killed and altogether 40,000 prisoners were taken, but the Japanese casualties were considerably heavier, being in the neighbourhood of 40,000

LORD TWEEDSMUIR HONOURS AMERICA'S UNKNOWN WARRIOR: The Governor-General of Canada placing a wreath on the marble tomb in Arlington Cemetery, near Washington, during his recent return visit to President Roosevelt, in the course of which they had a number of informal talks at the White House regarding the relations between their respective countries. Arlington is a great place of pilgrimage and it is there every year that the ever dwindling band of civil war veterans marches past

"I Go to Prague"

The Concluding Article in a Series in which an Attempt is Made to Learn the Truth of What is Going on in Czechoslovakia

By H. J. GREENWALL

A FORCE TO BE RECKONED WITH: Czechoslovakian troops in field-kit; members of the new Republic's now formidable army consisting of over 10,000 officers and over 170,000 other ranks. Liability to serve lasts from the ages of seventeen to sixty, though beginning normally at twenty, and service in the active army is for two years, after which the soldier passes to the first reserve

IN circles friendly disposed towards German propaganda concerning Czechoslovakia, there are often statements regarding "our German brothers," which means the 3,500,000 Germans residing in the Czechoslovakian Republic, but it is seldom, if ever, stated that the frontier between post-war Germany and the new Republic is exactly the same as was the frontier between pre-war Germany and pre-war Austria. Moreover, the 3,500,000 Germans who reside in the country which was created by the post-war treaties are the same people, or descendants of the same people, who resided always in what was formerly Austria. This angle on what is known in Prague as the "Sudete" problem must not be overlooked

It is indeed a difficult problem, this one of the various races who live in Czechoslovakia, but although there are 750,000 Hungarians, they do not create any problem and live perfectly contentedly. In inspired maps, that is to say maps created for propaganda purposes, there is an attempt to make believe that 3,500,000 Germans all live in one district close to the German frontier. I have personal evidence that this is entirely untrue. The mass of the German population is split up in biggish groups in districts in Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, but there are many other small groups mixed up with the Czech population. It would be difficult, in fact quite impossible, to make all the Germans group together and give them autonomy, which, incidentally, they never possessed under Austria. Very recently the Government of Czechoslovakia granted many concessions to the Germans living within the Czechoslovakian frontiers, but although the situation has been alleviated, the question of the German minority will be kept alive for the purposes of German propaganda, just as a similar question is kept alive in Poland and in other countries, such as Rumania, whose frontiers were changed because of the world war.

HERE in Prague there is a German language Nazi newspaper called *Zeit* whose editor is an ex-gymnastic instructor named Konrad Henlein. Herr Henlein, who is in charge of German propaganda in Czechoslovakia, moulds his life very closely on that of the leader, Adolf Hitler; like Hitler, Henlein neither smokes nor drinks alcohol, and eschews meat. Money for propaganda purposes comes from Berlin via a certain German lawyer domiciled in Czechoslovakia. I believe that the authorities here are fully conversant with all that is being done to keep alive the question of the German minority, but unless this endangers the State, I do not believe that any steps will be taken to prevent it.

A spokesman for the Prague Foreign Office pointed out to me that three prominent members of the Sudete Party, namely Herrn Schubert, Kreps, and Jung, when they were forced to leave the country, were all given high positions in the German Nazi Party. On the other hand, I notice that in important industries in this country, the Germans play a very prominent part as owners of important factories. They most certainly have no grievances.

I have referred to the granting of certain concessions, and these have been mostly in the field of cultural concessions, matters appertaining to teaching and the foundation of German theatres and suchlike things, but the Government has gone further and it has enlarged the scope in such matters as Civil Service, where more posts are now available to Germans. Under the wise leadership of President Benes, the more advanced, or should I say jingo, section of the country is kept in check. The advanced Right, the Czech Legion which, in a great degree, founded the new Republic, is not allowed any more freedom of movement than any other political party.

THE NEW REPUBLIC AND HER PLETHORA OF NEIGHBOURS: Czechoslovakia, the land that has emerged from the wreck of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, has no fewer than five countries on her borders—Germany, Poland, Rumania, Hungary, and Austria

What of Communism in Czechoslovakia? It is alleged in Germany and in circles which favour German policy that Czechoslovakia is an advance base for Soviet Russia. I have talked to bankers, to industrialists, and to politicians, and I have discussed in very great detail the relationship between Soviet Russia and the Republic of Czechoslovakia.

There are at present approximately 600,000 unemployed in this country, which has a population of 15,000,000. This is a very high proportion, and in any country where there is considerable unemployment there is always danger of Communism; but Communism in this country, so far, is negligible, and it is believed that as economic conditions improve, as they are improving, about half the number of unemployed will be absorbed in industry and agriculture, and that the remainder will be an unfortunate one of permanent unemployed or unemployable.

The official relations between this country and Soviet Russia are what I may best describe as frigidly polite. The geographical situation of Czechoslovakia and the failure of collective security forced the Government to look for military alliances. The alliance with France was one, and the alliance with Russia was another, but I may say that I am convinced that the Government, and also the people, place far more reliance on the possible military assistance to be afforded by France than that which might be forthcoming from Russia. Furthermore, I found in highly placed political circles a certain *méfiance* of Moscow, and it has been said to me more than once that Hitler and Stalin may both change their policies and form an alliance. I was reminded that there is already a German-Russian Treaty which Hitler has never denounced. I have been reminded also how the foundation of the Red Army was laid by Germany, and I have been shown figures which prove the important trade that Germany does with Soviet Russia.

WRITING of Communism brings me to the question of the alleged Russian air bases in Czechoslovakia. There are subterranean hangars in Czechoslovakia, many of them, but so there are in Germany and in Poland and in Russia. Germany, as a matter of fact, is at the present moment constructing new subterranean hangars at Frankfurt-am-Oder. There are, at the moment, most certainly no Russian officers in this country other than the one Russian Military Attaché. Czechoslovakia has no need of them. At Skode munition works 32,000 men are at present employed; at Brun the Czechs are manufacturing new light machine guns. Foreign observers here tell me this country has the best artillery and best anti-aircraft guns in Europe. Their aeroplanes are good.

With regard to her defences, Czechoslovakia is not in a very happy position. Her standing army is well over 150 000 men. There is a conscript service of two years; formerly it was one year, but it was doubled on account of Germany re-arming. This army has to guard hundreds of miles of frontier—the German frontier, the Polish frontier, the Austrian frontier, and the Hungarian frontier. It is said in London that the present German army is 800,000 strong. In Prague this figure is accepted as being correct, and it was, moreover, told me that 25 per cent. of the German army is at present grouped on the Czech frontier.

In my first article I told of the rich prizes lying so temptingly close to Germany. I have, I hope, dealt fairly with the problems which beset this country. The situation is delicate, but I would recall the hopeful words of President Edouard Benes: "War is *not* inevitable."

PRAGUE—THE GOLDEN CITY OF A THOUSAND TOWERS: Looking across the Moldau to the old quarter of the Czechoslovakian capital. In the centre is the famous sixteen-arched Charles Bridge, the buttresses of which are adorned with statues and groups of saints, some of them in the baroque style of the early eighteenth century

LONDON'S BIRDS OF PARADISE SHOW OFF

The First Successful Camera Studies of the Birds Displaying their Wonderful, Variegated Plumage in the Mating Season

FEATHERED GLORY: This picture of a bird of Paradise displaying its wonderful golden orange plumes, which it raises in such a manner as to enclose the greater part of its body, was taken recently at the London Zoo on one of the rare occasions on which it reveals itself in all its beauty. During the ten years these birds have been at Regent's Park no successful pictures of this nature have been taken and this time it was only possible after special lighting had been installed, and a screen to conceal the photographer had been built

WHEN THE MALE BIRDS GO COURTING: Two more impressions of the Zoo's birds of Paradise showing off the glory of their plumage for the benefit of the females

THE AMBULATORY with its "melon capitals" above the pillars. Once they bore the monograms of Justinian, the great lawgiver, and his wife the Empress Theodora, but these have long since been effaced

A FORERUNNER of ST. SOPHIA

The Kutchuk Aya Sophia, the Oldest Church in Istanbul; an Architectural Gem Off the Sightseers' Track

GLORY OF BYZANTIUM: The central octagon of the Kutchuk Aya Sophia (Little St. Sophia), the oldest church in Istanbul and now a mosque. Below is the ambulatory with its curious "melon capitals" and above the pillared gallery adorned with "cushion capitals."

IN one of the remotest corners of Istanbul, near the Sea of Marmora and south of the Hippodrome, stands an old Byzantine church, now used as a mosque. It bears the name Kutchuk Aya Sophia, (Little St. Sophia) and is five years older than the Church of Holy Wisdom. Emperor Justinian had its foundations laid in 427, the year of his accession. It was built to the honour of the saints Sergius and Bacchus. The church is one of the gems of the old city, but lying far off the beaten track of sightseers, it is not generally known. Architecturally speaking it must be considered as one of the most beautiful Byzantine churches still in existence: and moreover, it was the first Christian sanctuary in Constantinople with a domed roof. Its charm is partly due to the fact that here, for the first time certain new architectural designs have been tried out which were afterwards used again—on a larger scale—for the interior decoration of St. Sophia.

THE PILLARED GALLERY and its rudely cobbled floor. Another aspect of the interior of this church which architecturally speaking must be regarded as one of the most beautiful Byzantine edifices in existence

The church is a rectangular building, which encloses an octagon covered with a dome. The octagonal centre stands obliquely within its enclosure. The space between the latter and the octagon is divided into two storeys, a gallery above, and an ambulatory below. The central octagon is formed by eight piers which carry the dome. They are connected with round arches. The spaces between these piers are filled in with two pairs of columns each, thereby forming two colonnades. The lower colonnade, belonging to the ambulatory, is surmounted by a horizontal entablature, while the columns of the upper colonnade are connected by arches.

The apse of the church is three-sided on the outside and semi-circular within. The sanctuary once glittered with mosaic. It was "more resplendent than the sun, and everywhere it was filled profusely with gold," says Procopius. None of this splendour remains; but to the lover of art a visit to SS. Sergius and Bacchus is of the greatest importance. An old order of architecture is still being applied, while a new order begins to make its appearance. Both styles form a harmony of straight lines and curves, of which none of the smaller Byzantine churches in Istanbul can boast.

Sven Larsen

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK: The little domed church, lying in one of the remotest corners of Istanbul. It was built in honour of the saints Sergius and Bacchus in the second quarter of the 5th century

THE APSE, which once glittered with mosaic, contains a Turkish praying-niche (mihrab) set askew, and on the right a Turkish pulpit with a spire above it

Spring Comes Over the Mountains

Meerkamper

As the snows of winter slowly but surely recede from the high pastures, the crocuses, harbingers of spring's glories, carpet the sward in rich array. A scene near Davos, Canton of Grisons

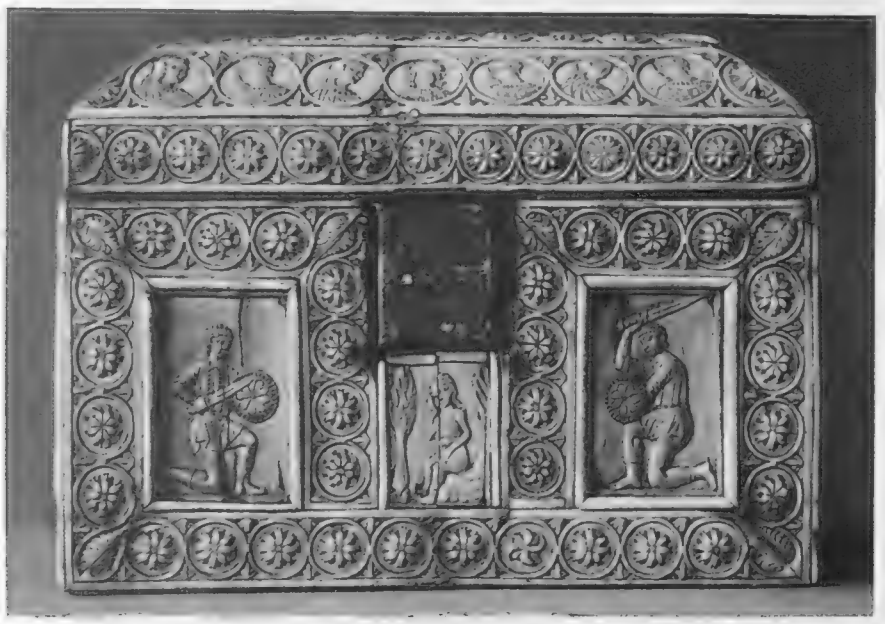
NATURE CARPETS SWISS UPLANDS

Burdekin

Blossom time by the misty waters of Lucerne. A picture that at first glance might be taken for a spring scene in Japan in the neighbourhood of famed Fujiyama and Lake Motosu

"WHEN APRIL TOSSES BOUNTY"

A MASTERPIECE OF THE ENGLISH LOCKSMITH'S ART: This beautiful jewel casket, bearing the crowned initials of William III and Mary II, has just been acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum through the fund bequeathed by Captain H. B. Murray. It measures 18 ins. wide by 9½ ins. high and represents a superb example of pierced brass and steel-work, the intricate design being laid over a practically unfaded background of crimson velvet. During recent years the casket has been the property of the Schlossmuseum, Berlin, into whose possession it probably passed during the lifetime of Sophia Dorothea, the sister of King George II



Rich and Rare Caskets

Among the Latest Acquisitions of the Victoria and Albert Museum

On left and below on left—NOW A NATIONAL TREASURE: Front and back views of the tenth-century Byzantine casket, constructed of ivory and bone, which was quite unknown to connoisseurs until it appeared on the market recently and was acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum from a private owner in whose family it had been for many years. In importance it ranks only after the famous Veroli casket already in the museum, being of the very finest workmanship and in good condition. On the back the border carving is composed of alternate vine leaves and bunches of grapes, while within this are panels showing three hunters, the central one carrying a boar's head on a pole. The figures are remarkably vigorous and surprisingly modern in their appearance

ECCLESIASTICAL ART: This French Romanesque capital of the twelfth century, showing four angels each bearing a scroll with a sentence from the Gospel, comes originally from the church at Mozat, in the Auvergne

ROYAL TREASURES THROUGH THE AGES

A Notable Coronation-time Exhibition in the West End

Lent by the Hon. Mrs. Clive Pearson

THE RESPLENDENT QUEEN: Federigo Zuccaro's portrait of Queen Elizabeth, whom he painted during his visit to England in 1574, is one of the outstanding portraits of the Royal Treasures Exhibition, which opened on April 12 at 5, Great Stanhope Street, Park Lane, W.1, and will continue up till the end of the Coronation week, the proceeds going to Westminster Hospital

IN THE HOLBEIN MANNER: This portrait of Edward VI by an unknown hand has been lent to the Royal Treasures Exhibition by Sir Algernon Osborn, a descendant of Edward VI's Keeper of the Privy Purse

Lent by the Duke of Devonshire

MORE TUDOR TREASURES: *Left*—The portrait of Henry VIII formerly attributed to Holbein and (*right*) a richly ornamented clock given by Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn and now in the possession of His Majesty King George VI, who has loaned it to the present exhibition. The bracket on which it stands is adorned with a series of small but exquisite portrait reliefs

ROYAL REGIMENTALS: The scarlet tunic worn by Queen Victoria when reviewing troops. (Lent by H.M. the King)

Lent by H.M. Queen Mary

A GOLD SNUFF BOX bearing a portrait of Princess Amelia, last and fifteenth child of George III. It formerly belonged to George V

GOLD AND ENAMEL BRACELET bearing profile of Augusta, Duchess of Cambridge, daughter-in-law of George III. A treasure loaned by Queen Mary

Right—A COSTLY ROYAL BIRTHDAY BOOK, the gold and enamel cover bearing the arms of England and Teck, and the words, "Leaves of Remembrance," picked out in diamonds. It contains miniatures in ivory of several members of the Royal Family, including, as depicted on extreme right, Queen Alexandra and Queen Victoria

HOME OF THE FRONTIER'S ARCH TROUBLE-MAKER: The Fakir of Ipi's house in the fields below Karkanai village in the Lower Khaisore Valley. A short while ago a party of Tochi Scouts, a British-officered force, visited the place and demolished it completely, finally breaking up the foundations with picks. This loss however has evidently failed to curb the Fakir's activities and last week-end it was revealed that he had succeeded in stirring up trouble in the Mahsud country away to the south of his usual beat

FOR exactly a year now British-officered native forces have been in action at frequent intervals against the local tribesmen of Waziristan, a territory lying between the border of the British districts of the North-West Frontier Province [illegible] over which the Government of India [illegible] administrative domination, although maintaini[ng] to check the habitual risings that usually [oc]cur been gathered.

The present trouble, which a few days [ago] broken out with increased violence, is clearly [one] past risings. It began in April, 1936, [when] secret marriage of a Hindu girl to a Muham[madan] said that she was abducted, and that pressure her to convert her to Muhammadanism. Ac[cording] story, she was perfectly happy where she [was] all the strong religious prejudice of these peop[le] and brought an action against the husband to [get] The Government put her in the local gaol [pending] the hearing of the case. The tribesmen, who at once stirred to action by the Fakir of Ipi, army) roughly 4,000 strong, endeavoured to [influence] in its decision.

Since then the trouble has tended to [grow] November 26 there was a fierce engagement involving considerable loss of life.

Earlier this year, however, it seemed that restored, but now comes this latest news that sowing the seeds of disaffection wherever he [goes] scale actions have taken place, the second Jandola in the Mahsud country where [all] peaceable. Seven British officers were killed the total death roll among all ranks being [over]

MORE TROUBLE IN WAZIRISTAN

Scenes in the Tribal Territory of the North-West Frontier where Further Clashes have Just Occurred between British Troops and Tribesmen

THE NOTORIOUS TOCHI RIVER VALLEY with barren and rocky hills rising almost sheer in the background; fastnesses from which tribal snipers can operate without much fear of being dislodged. During the past year this terrain has been the scene of countless skirmishes and minor engagements between British troops and the tribesmen stirred to action by the Fakir of Ipi

MOPPING-UP OPERATIONS: British Indian troops engaged in searching a watch-tower in a hostile village of Waziristan after the place had been occupied. *Below*—A fortified tower in Dakai village

nd the Afghan frontier, xercises the minimum of ning strong military units ccur after the crops have

ago was reported to have y more serious than many ensibly as a result of the mmadan. The girl's family re was brought to bear on ccording to the girl's own was; but her family, with ople, wouldn't believe her, have her restored to them. —the safest place—pending o are Muhammadan, were pi, and the lashkar (tribal influence the Government

grow in intensity, and on t in the Khaisore Valley,

at peace had at last been the Fakir is still abroad, goes, and that two large- d of which occurred at till then all had been d and five were wounded, venty-nine.

THE LIE OF THE LAND: A sketch-map of Waziristan marking some of the towns and villages that have lately been in the news. Jandola was the scene of the two-day battle last week-end

KARKANAI VILLAGE, one of the larger villages of the Lower Khaisore Valley, has been one of the main centres of hostility, but has now been evacuated by the inhabitants at the orders of the military authorities who find this an effective method of dealing with the tribesmen. Some villages have been forced into surrender by the mere threat to use bombing planes

"THY HUSBAND IS THY LORD, THY LIFE, THY KEEPER": The final scene in *The Taming of the Shrew* as Katharina (Edith Evans), tamed at last, tells the forward wives at Petruchio's behest how they should behave towards their husbands. The play has been running at the New for some weeks past, and has proved quite the most enjoyable production in that theatre's Shakespearean cycle

"FIRST KISS ME, KATE": Petruchio (Leslie Banks) and Katharina (Edith Evans) in the love scene following their hammer-and-tongs battle for mastery in *The Taming of the Shrew* at the New Theatre

On STAGE *and* SCREEN

By PHILIP PAGE

UNLIKE the curate in *The Private Secretary*, Mr. Walter Hackett might say, with every evidence of truth, "I *do* like London!" Although an American, he has lived and worked here for many years and has written a number of plays with London as their background. *London After Dark*, the latest of them, is a better play than *77, Park Lane*, though that had its merits. It is of the familiar Hackettian brand—an elaborate story which does not worry about probability so much as about providing episodes in which thieves, murderers, policemen, police decoys, police suspects, taxi-drivers, and women, good and bad, figure in exciting fashion. There are also a pavement artist, a journalist, and a commercial traveller who appear in that order on the programme and may be presumed also to exist in that order of importance.

There is Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, all fox-furs and fascination and playing a rather indeterminate part with a hard glitter. Mr. Robert Andrews plays the murderer, and an unpleasant one at that, with such subtle skill that the days when he had to be seen merely as a series of decorative youths must surely be gone at last. The detective is Mr. Edwin Styles—excellent, as always.

Lastly, and I should have said firstly, there is Miss Marion Lorne who dominates the play, as she has dominated nearly all Mr. Hackett's plays. The arrangement is a wise one, since she furnishes the fun. She does so with methods now so familiar that it might be thought one would have grown tired of them. It is not the least of the tributes to Miss Lorne as a comedienne that one does not, in fact, grow tired of them.

I fancy that the majority of actresses who, in act after act and in play after play, had perpetually to be blithered and bothered and who were not allowed to (or, what is more probable, did not choose to) say even a monosyllable without a preliminary spate of hesitatory sounds, would give each member of the audience a severe pain in the neck and the box-office business a kick in the pants. Miss Lorne just contrives to delight her admirers who would, I am sure, protest only if she varied her performance by a hair's breadth.

"Climbing."—I wrote shortly of that strange play *Climbing*, when it was at the Embassy. It has now followed the example of so many Embassy productions and has come to the West End—that is to say, the Charing Cross Road—with some important alterations, particularly in the matter of cast.

FILM VERSION OF A DRURY LANE SUCCESS: The sinister Prime Minister, Lyadeff (played by Victor Jay), who is planning a revolution to overthrow the King, visits Melitza (Mary Ellis), the power behind the throne, to persuade her to fall in with his designs. An episode from *Glamorous Night*, which starts its run at the Regal, Marble Arch

I trust it stays at the Phoenix Theatre for as long as it deserves, which is a very long time indeed. I hope to see it once or twice again. I like the Phoenix Theatre because it is unlike most modern theatres in that it resembles a theatre and not a mixture of a tube station and a cocktail bar. I like *Climbing* because it is unlike most modern plays in that it is not in any definite category, nor does it have its various emotions packed away in separate and water-tight compartments. It is either a farcical theme with a serious treatment, or a serious theme with a farcical treatment. Frankly I do not know which of these it is, and sometimes I suspect the author does not know either. For Mr. Marten Cumberland can sometimes be as ingenuous as his own hero—the youth who made the fortunes of his hard-up family by climbing up a tree and staying in it for longer than any human being had ever stayed in a tree. None the less his views on economics and the existing social system are as sound as they are serious—so serious that at times his sense of humour seems to die on him altogether.

The young tree-climber would have been almost intolerable had the part been written in a vein of Barrie-ish Whimsicality—not that B. W. is not all very well in its way and in its place, especially for those who believe in Bergners. This youth has not a spark of whimsicality in him. His ways are those of an effeminate half-wit; but under it he is as hard as nails. That is what makes Mr. Skelton Knaggs's performance quite unforgettable. He is inclined to underline the effeminacy; I did not say it was a pleasant performance, but an unforgettable one. It is as odd as his name.

Mr. O. B. Clarence plays the normal, hard-working, intelligent father, sacked by his firm after thirty years' service because he is in his fifties. In the scene in which he is in a position to demand reinstatement and does demand it, Mr. Clarence gives a superb demonstration, not of a worm turning, but of a decent man asserting himself in a world full of crazy injustice.

This sounds heavy stuff for a farce, yet there is at least irony in it. Never before has the Great God Stunt been pilloried on the stage, and it could hardly have been done better. Not that the play is likely to have any effect whatever on stunt-worship. Infant film stars will continue to be made to praise in advertisements (for a fee) products of which they have never heard, let alone sampled. Reporters and Press photographers will continue to pursue people of no importance whatever

Walter Hackett Writes a Better Play than "77, Park Lane": "Climbing"—Another Embassy Production—Comes to the West End

except that they are temporarily "in the news" for some trumpery and ridiculous reason. Jockeys or jazz band leaders will continue to be handed enormous sums to allow to appear over their signatures "powerful" articles on whether they think there is such a place as Heaven. And so on, *ad infinitum et ad nauseam*. But I am poaching on Mr. Cumberland's pulpit. Go to the Phoenix Theatre to hear him discourse. You will not be bored.

I must not omit to mention the first-rate performances of Miss Mary Jerrold, the worried, sensible mother, of Mr. Finlay Currie as a film magnate, of Miss Patricia Burke, and, indeed, of the whole company. *Climbing* also owes much to Mr. Henry Oscar's careful production.

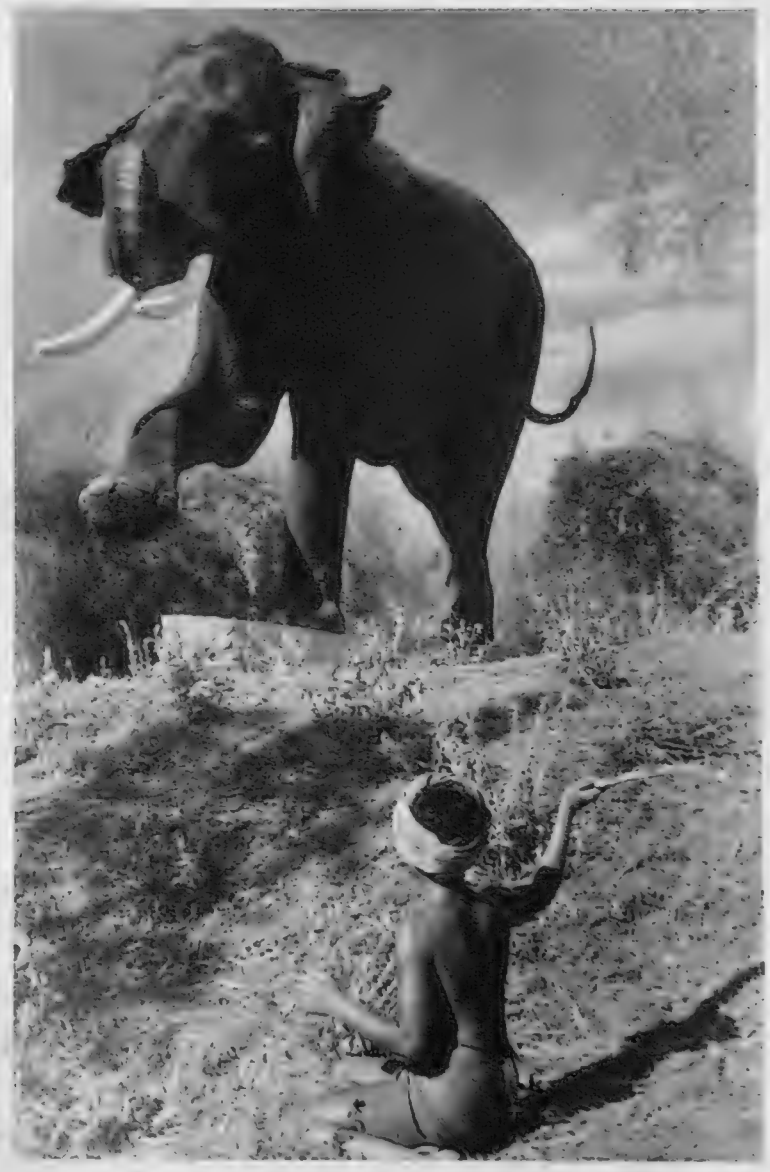
"Henry V."—One is sometimes led to suspect that Mr. Tyrone Guthrie is inclined, in his methods as a producer, to do odd things just because they are odd and because there is no record of anyone having done them before. I catch an occasional resemblance in these Guthrieisms to eminent orchestral conductors in search after what they are pleased to call "new readings" of famous classics. None the less, his work at the Old Vic is both vigorous and interesting, like the chief figure in *Henry V*, his latest effort.

In this, the greatest of all patriotic plays, eccentricities of method should not be indulged in; I would even have preferred "this wooden O" unadorned than one or two tricks played with crowds and entrances, which gave one to think furiously, and then to grow yet more furious. But in the main Mr. Guthrie has, I repeat, made a fine job of it and he has supplied, (assisted, of course, by Mr. William Shakespeare,) a healthy tang of royalty and loyalty and medieval pageantry in general, banners and everything. The stage looked good most of the time. Also he has secured audibility from all his players, no mean thing when fine, patriotic frenzy has to be a-rolling. I hope Jove will not send down his thunderbolts if I suggest that in this, as in some other Shakespearean plays, audibility in most of the comic scenes is not a desirable asset. But for that Mr. Guthrie cannot be blamed, nor can he be blamed for the fact that the acting of the alleged comedy parts was here not (Mr. Lawrence Baskcomb's lively Pistol was an exception) of a high standard. Shakespearean clowning has to be done flawlessly if it is to be relished. And even then I must confess that I cannot relish it much.

But in *Henry V*. the king really rules, and Mr. Laurence Olivier is the Henry of one's highest ideals. A little swashbuckling, of course. Why not? In those days monarchs both swashed and buckled, good and hard, particularly when they found themselves on "the vast fields of France." Mr. Olivier's voice is splendidly virile without ever drowning the poetry of the lines in a din of sonorous masculinity—a fault of many Fifth Henrys, some of them of high fame.

Miss Ivy St. Helier is now an accomplished Shakespearean actress and in the little scope this play affords her she is admirable. Mr. Harcourt Williams' ripe experience and attractive voice (the resemblance to Sir John Martin Harvey grows more startling as the years roll on) are invaluable. That excellent actor, Mr. Alec Guinness, had even less than the usual chances with the already meagre part of Exeter; for it seemed to me to have been ruthlessly "cut." So poor Mr. Guinness had to shrink into comparative unimportance and to become little more than a Baby Guinness.

THE "PERFECT" SCREEN TEAM? Myrna Loy and William Powell in *After the Thin Man*, their latest co-starring vehicle and a follow-up to their first great success *The Thin Man*. Powell has now been a power in the film firmament for some sixteen years and remains to-day, at the age of forty-five, one of M.G.M.'s big attractions



NATURAL ACTORS STARRING TOGETHER IN THE SCREEN VERSION OF KIPLING'S "TOOMAI OF THE ELEPHANTS": Iravatha, a giant tusker from the stable of the Maharaja of Mysore, and Sabu, the twelve-year-old son of one of the Maharaja's elephant keepers, play the leading parts in *Elephant Boy*, the London Film Production which recently had its British première at the Leicester Square Theatre. The picture was made by Robert Flaherty, of *Man of Aran* fame, who went out to India specially for the purpose, so that the scenes might be photographed against natural jungle backgrounds and that natural actors might participate. Sabu was at first extremely shy and a little afraid of the cameras, but he soon settled down, performing his part in a delightfully free and unselfconscious manner

IN THE EDGAR ALLAN POE MANNER: Mlo (Burgess Meredith) meets Miriamme, the sister of his father's murderer, and falls in love with her at sight. A still from *Winterset*, a most unusual film that has been attracting attention at the Regal, Marble Arch. The macabre theme has its setting in the New York underworld

Covent Garden Next Week.—London has been more fortunate than usual in the matter of opera of late; for last autumn there were three seasons, two of them of high importance—one given by those distinguished visitors, the Dresden Opera Company, and the other by the Covent Garden

(Continued on page 136)

Kingston House to Go

A London Residence Built by the Notorious Duchess of Kingston who was Tried for Bigamy at Westminster Hall

Drawn by Percy Home

WITH THE AIR OF AN OLD COUNTRY MANSION: Kingston House Princes Gate, standing in a commanding position overlooking the park, is now to be demolished and with its passing London loses an intensely interesting link with the eighteenth century. It was built in 1770 by the Duchess of Kingston, that eccentric peeress who was tried for bigamy before the peers at Westminster Hall and later it was occupied by the Marquess Wellesley, elder brother of the Duke of Wellington, who was twice Governor-General of India and twice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He died in the house in 1842

TWO WHITE MARBLE LIONS stand guard at the main garden entrance of Kingston House

THE GREAT CRIMSON-WALLED SALON which runs the entire length of Kingston House

Old Kingston House, originally built for the eccentric and notorious Duchess of Kingston, and now doomed to demolition, presents the pleasing air of a country house, and is characterised chiefly by a high, brick wall—the guardian of its privacy—big bow windows in the eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century manner, and a conservatory at the Kensington end of the building; access to this huge glass and iron structure being by way of the great salon, the mirrored doors of which were flung open to allow of guests wandering among the palms. Nothing appears to have been done to modernise the house in any way, so that to all intents and purposes it remains to the end just as it was in the days of the Duchess.

The Duchess was the only child of Colonel Thomas Chudleigh, Lieutenant Governor of Chelsea Hospital. She was a beautiful girl, the *Dictionary of National Biography* tells us, and thus it was she attracted the attention of William Pulteney, later Earl of Bath, who obtained for her the appointment of Maid of Honour to Augusta, Princess of Wales.

After an ill-starred love affair with the young Duke of Hamilton, Elizabeth met the Hon. Augustus John Hervey, the future Earl of Bristol, and it was their secret marriage, which after quarrelling they denied as having taken place, that led to the bigamy suit following on Elizabeth's marriage to the Duke of Kingston. The trial began on April 15, 1776, and in the course of the proceedings the marriage with Hervey, the birth of a child, and the registration of the marriage were clearly proved. A verdict of guilty was pronounced by the peers, and, as bigamy was a clergyable offence, the Duchess might have been burned on the hand, had she not claimed the privilege of her peerage exempting her from corporal punishment.

THE FIRST CASE OF BIGAMY BROUGHT BEFORE THE HOUSE OF PEERS: The trial of the Duchess of Kingston in Westminster Hall in 1776—a *cause célèbre* that resulted in a verdict of guilty

After her trial the Duchess, who should now, strictly speaking, be called the Countess of Bristol, left England, taking her fortune with her in order to avoid the threatened claim of the late Duke's nephews.

From then on she wandered about Europe until her sudden death on August 26, 1788, at the age of sixty-eight. She was a woman of extremely coarse habits, was self-indulgent to a degree, and her character was only redeemed from utter contempt by a certain generosity of temper that extended even to her enemies. Her story is said to have suggested to Thackeray the character of Beatrice in *Esmond*.

CHARACTERS IN THE CASE: *Left*—An early portrait of the Duchess of Kingston at the time when she was plain Elizabeth Chudleigh, a Colonel's daughter but, as Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales, was gradually becoming conspicuous in society. *Centre*—A detail of Reynolds' portrait of Augustus John Hervey, third Earl of Bristol, to whom Miss Chudleigh was married secretly. Later, when it suited the couple's purpose, it was denied that the ceremony had ever taken place and, a court order having been obtained in confirmation of this, Miss Chudleigh on March 8, 1769, married the Duke of Kingston who at his death left her his entire fortune. *Right*—An impression of her in middle-age from a portrait by F. Cotes, R.A.

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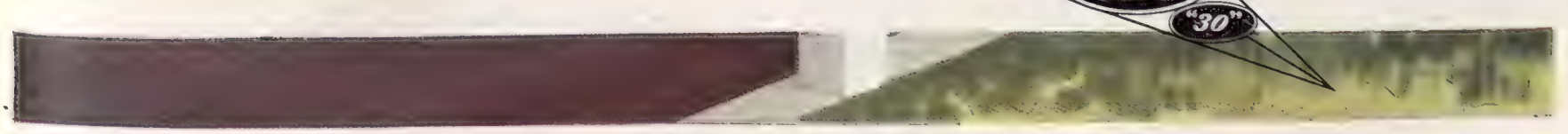

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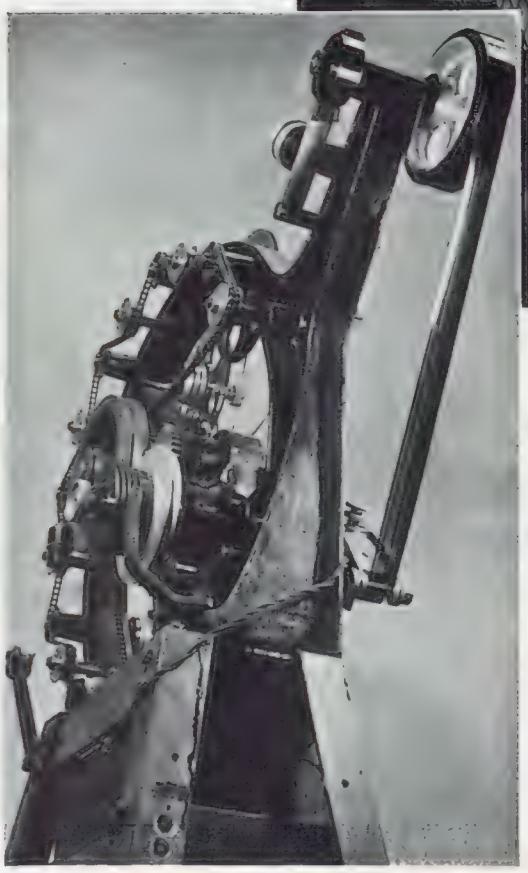
MASS PRODUCING FROM THE MASTER FILM: A section of the great wheel on which the sound track negative is printed off, six copies being made simultaneously



THE MERCURY VAPOUR RECTIFIER for converting A.C. current into D.C. current, which is essential for the smooth reproduction of the sound track

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On left—THE CUTTING MACHINE splits the printed film into six long strips ready for spooling

TWO FURTHER PHASES OF DUO-TRAC PRODUCTION: *Left*—When the sound track is being made in the studio a skilled operator sits before this control panel and regulates the volume of the musical output and, if necessary, eliminates noises off. *On right*—The mercury vapour machine which transfers the sound track on the master film on to the numerous copies that are made of it. Duo-Trac film is available in reels playing from six to over sixty minutes

Mlle Gaby Morlay, the brilliant young French actress who plays the part of the Queen in Victoria Regina, *a play which is having a tremendous success in Paris. Here she is wearing an afternoon gown of the period, in violet wool heavily embroidered in grey-white. Her head-dress is charming, though perhaps hardly authentic*

ROUNDABOUT . . .

An Historic Season Revives Regal Fashions in London and Paris

A WAVE of patriotism can work miracles in any age. Even the most unlikely people fall beneath its spell, and the result is sometimes surprising and sometimes wholly good. It has certainly proved good in so far as it has affected British designers, who last week gave a combined Coronation Exhibition in aid of the Sunshine Home for Blind Babies.

From a busy woman's point of view it is always interesting to see a collection presented by several designers, for she is able to get an immediate general idea of the new clothes instead of seeing only one individual interpretation of the mode.

One fact emerged very clearly from this co-operative effort. London, when she puts her best fashion foot forward, needs fear nothing from any other country in the world. She has something definite and personal to contribute, and she is most successful when she does this sincerely.

Other very evident facts—suits are still more important than any other item in the wardrobe; sailor hats, gaily veiled are *the* summer favourite; and Ascot is likely to be more picturesque than ever, with flowing, low-necked dresses and huge Merry Widow hats.

Of the five models suggested for Newmarket, four were suits, and the other was a very simple navy blue dress embroidered with white fern motifs and worn with a three-quarter length white lamb coat with an intricate shoulder, collar, and rever treatment. This was Isobel's idea. Victor Stiebel did one of the best suits ever, with a grey skirt and a slick grey and pink tartan jacket with the bands worked in a pattern of diamonds at the back. Peter Russell showed a thoroughly workmanlike camel-coloured skirt and waistcoat, worn with a green-blue sweater and a half-length checked coat. Of an entirely different persuasion was a black frock with red godets at the hem, accompanied by a jacket in black patent leather latticed with coarse red net.

Eleven models were shown under the heading "Afternoon in London." Hartnell was all for being very dressy, with a black skirt, white jumper, and white loose coat with nutria fronts and nutria tops to the sleeves. Of the same genre was a slender waisted pink redingote with gathered pleats at the back and pannier pockets of blue fox, and a Tinling dress in pale blue with a short loose coat of royal blue ostrich feathers. Peter Russell introduced a new colour which he calls dead violet in a dress with a wide taffeta sash half violet and half azure, and a jacket trimmed with violet dyed lamb. Other sticklers for simplicity were Isobel, who put a large jewelled clip in the lapel of a black bolero with a matching skirt opened right down the front to reveal a yellow and black crêpe dress (similar insets on the cuffs of the black gloves); and Digby Morton, who did a black suit patterned with white starflowers and added red revers.

Ascot, one gathers, will be very much what it usually is. A combination of fancy dress, short dress, and, in the majority of cases, true elegance. In the latter category, a heavy grey lace frock, moulded almost from neck to hem, worn over a shiny satin slip, with a little curved lace coat trimmed with grey ermine. Likewise a day-length powder blue coat, waisted and full skirted, with beaded revers, worn with a simple dress with a large diamond brooch in the centre of the corsage.

In the romantic tradition, a black wool lace sheath spreading about the feet, with long tight sleeves, a taffeta slip, and pink roses marking the V neck, edged with net and cut almost down to the waist. Final touch—an enormous Merry Widow hat with a fascinating chin strap.

For a Royal Garden Party, graciousness and charm and truly flower-like colours. For instance, Hartnell's dress of palest mauve with a loose green chiffon coat and sash, a bouquet of flowers on the coat hiding the bare-shouldered frock: a white organdie picture frock with goffered frills, a black net coat, a velvet sash with red and white roses tucked into it (all in the true Camille tradition), and a little girl's sailor hat worn right on the back of the head and tied on with ribbons: and a dress of blue organdie, sewn with white leaves, full skirted, with a moulded bust and a rather low square neck.

The dinner dresses ranged from those you wear when you are spending a very quiet evening at home, to those in which you might attend a State banquet, taking in, just by the way, gold cloque combined with a peacock blue chiffon, mink on a coat of subtle pink, and gorgeous embroidery in gold with royal blue "jewels" on jade green.

Six of the nine gowns for a Court ball were white, with one in pink and gold brocade, another in silver, and a third in aquamarine brocade embroidered in gold. Both Coronation robes were in white embroidered in gold, Reville incorporating as well pearls and diamonds.

Here again Mlle Morlay, as the Queen, is wearing an afternoon frock, this time in green faille, embroidered with flowers and lightened with touches of delicate white lingerie. In this portrait she achieves her nearest likeness to the young Queen, for her hair is dressed with greater (even if not with great enough) simplicity

Dressed for a ball, with flowers in her hair, and long ringlets which make her seem unfamiliar. All her frocks have been made by Lucile Paray, and this one is in faille, trimmed with two-toned ruchings of tulle and hemmed with exquisite lace

TRYING OUT THE NEW TECHNIQUE: Men leaning from the upper windows of a New York hosiery factory during a stay-in strike. This new-found weapon of the workers in fighting their battles with the employers' organisations is being used all too frequently in the United States just now, and as a result there have been serious and prolonged stoppages in a host of industries, involving firms in heavy losses

PROTESTANT PROTEST: This delegation of Mennonites from East Lampeter, Pennsylvania, went to Washington to urge that the grant of £10,000 for the erection of a new consolidated school in their neighbourhood should be rescinded and that all work should be stopped on the building. "The school," they said, "was to be built so far from their homes that the children would have to be taken there in buses and would thus be deprived of the healthy exercise necessary for their welfare"

A YOUNG NEW DEALER: Mrs. Woodring, wife of Mr. Roosevelt's Secretary of State for War, pictured at her Washington home with her newly born son who has been given the christian name Coolidge, evidently in honour of the thirtieth President

TRANSATLANTIC SIDELIGHTS

A ROOSEVELT FAILURE

The President's Ambitious and Costly Forest Belt Scheme for America's Dust-Bowl is Shelved Ignominiously

By NELSON SPRINGER

THE campaign against President Roosevelt last year was as bitter as his victory was sweeping. The tactics used by some of the most prominent newspapers in the United States to oppose him could not be justified, regardless of what candidate they might have been used against. But there are reasons why 39 per cent. of the voters registered their conviction that he is a menace to the country, for, on the basis of the eminently ill-advised Republican campaign, that is what a vote for Landon meant. The late-lamented and widely publicised "shelter-belt zone" furnishes striking evidence of the reason.

The "shelter-belt zone" was to have extended from the Canadian border on the north to the Mexican border on the south for a distance of 1,800 miles, and it was to have been 100 miles wide. It was to have been filled with avenues of trees to prevent wind-erosion, to serve as wind-breaks, and to aid in the conservation of water resources. It was to pass through the States of North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas, comprising what is known as the Great Plains.

What was accomplished in the matter of planting may be indicated as follows: In the spring of 1935, 232 shelter-belt strips, each 10 rods wide and averaging one-half mile in length, had been planted in the six States. During the same year, 1,920 farmstead plantings, averaging 2½ acres, had been completed in North and South Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas. These farmstead plantings were authorised under the project to be undertaken by the individual farmer with the aid of the Government, maintained at his expense. A total of 7,514 acres on 2,152 farms was involved, and required 5,615,183 trees. The land for the shelter-belt strips in all cases was leased or purchased outright by the Government.

Last spring, 2,212 shelter-belt strips, again averaging one-half mile in length, and 878 farmstead plantings, averaging 1.6 acres, were established. This operation involved 24,521 acres on 2,112 farms. Besides this, *629,810 trees were used to replace dead trees of the 1935 planting*, and to fill blank rows, making a total of 18,155,878 trees planted in 1936.

On June 30, 1936 a total of 32,035 acres had been planted on 4,364 farms; and out of 23,771,061 trees planted, 19,281,592 were still alive, an achievement of 81 per cent.

After this date it was announced through Governmental authorities that the experience proved the project to be feasible; but when the Great Plains Committee reported to the President earlier this year, the project was omitted from its recommendations and it has been abandoned

As a matter of fact, I am not sure who in the United States, outside of the President and his New Deal officials, ever supposed that the project would be successful. When it was first announced with a great flare of publicity there was not anyone in my experience who supposed that it could be accomplished. There were very few who supposed that the President would actually launch the project, and these were mainly embittered and extreme conservatives whose position was that the President would do anything, and that the more fantastic it was the more likely he would be to do it. In this case, at least, their worst fears were justified.

The nature of the country itself should have forbidden the President in his judgment this wild and fruitless scheme. The Great Plains, comprising about 30 per cent. of the total area of the continental United States, is mainly a treeless area. Except along the water-courses it is grassland, divided into two almost equal parts, the tall-grass prairie in the east and the short-grass prairie in the west. From east to west it represents a climatic transition from the humid to the semi-arid. It is characterised by low annual precipitation, most of which takes place in summer, frequent droughts, blazing summers, freezing winters, low humidities, and almost incessant winds of high velocities. Moving from east to west, the conditions of plant growth become steadily less favourable.

The President's action was taken in July, 1934. It was his response to the drought of that year, which was an appalling catastrophe, rendering thousands destitute, and menacing one of the nation's greatest and richest food-producing areas. Since 1934, as everyone now knows, the common, rather than the occasional, experience of the United States has been one of catastrophe. If the drought of 1934 was sufficient to embark the President on an obviously impossible scheme of grandiose proportions, the drought of 1936 was much worse, and devastated not only the Great Plains but about 75 per cent. of the United States. The Great Plains, however, presents a problem that is assuming the most profound gravity.

For some of my information in this connection I went to the venerable Sam D. Myres, one of the most famous characters in the history of the West. A close personal friend of Buffalo Bill, and of Captain Hughes, for many years the commander of the Texas Rangers, Myres has roamed the range from the Canadian to the Mexican border. He is a veteran cowman, and knows the country at first-hand over a period of more than fifty years.

"When I first became a cowboy," Myres said, "this country was not a country of sandstorms. We had just as much wind then as we do now. Sometimes I think we had more. But that may be because now I sleep in a house, whereas then I slept wherever night found me. But I can tell you this—if the Government doesn't do something about this country pretty soon, it is going to become a second Sahara—I am not joking at all. The Sahara would be all right if you would put grass and mesquite on it to hold the soil down."

The problem which Myres posits is almost as old as the arrival of the white man in the country, almost, but not quite. The danger arose when the first "squatter" arrived in the region, staked out a small farm on the public domain, and drove a plow into the land. He was the "little" man who followed the pioneer, the man without either the means or the imagination to herd millions of cattle over boundless tracts, and who hoped merely to eke out a living rather than to build an empire. In general, he was the kind of man who had failed in the verdant east, and who had come west, not because he wanted to, but because he must.

The pioneer "cowman" sensed the danger from the first, although the word "erosion" probably never found a place in his vocabulary. He resented the squatter's "smallness." He didn't like his character. He despised his tameness. He hated fences. And he didn't want anything as large as a one-room cabin obstructing his view of the horizon.

It was sentimental reasons like these that bred the cowman's hatred of the farmer, rather than a scientific prevision of the fact that one day the farmer would ruin his range. But it was a fierce hatred, nonetheless, so much so that the squatter often found it advisable, or even necessary, to "move on," provided he was alive to move on. But the squatter had the Federal Government on his side; and, with the coming of the railroads and the growth of the towns, it became easier and more attractive for the squatters to come. So more squatters came. The cowman fought a losing battle. The fences and the cabins multiplied. More and more land was put under the plow.

(*Continued on page 128*)

There was a little man
And he had a little gun
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead.

But he put his gun aside
When a Guinness he espied
And polished it off by the head, head, head.

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.6S6.A

THE WORLD OF BOOKS : *Reviewed by* VERNON FANE

IF ever a book could be said to be alive with the personality of the man who wrote it, it is **AS I WAS WALKING DOWN SACKVILLE STREET** (Rich and Cowan. 16s.), the witty, colourful, and often exciting memoirs of Dr. Oliver St. J. Gogarty.

Dublin is Dr. Gogarty's scene: Dublin political and Dublin literary, and a fine, vivid picture he gives one of it, and of its characters. There is W. B. Yeats, A. E. and Michael Collins; Michael Collins' last return to Dublin on a funeral boat up the Liffey; Bernard Shaw ignoring the collection plate in church and murmuring "Press"; a poor, half crazed creature, Endymion, who invented a ship 3,000 miles long to sail to New York, without ever having to leave port; Arthur Griffiths' dash by car to find General Smuts; Tim Healy, De Valera and many, many others, some evoked from the past, some living and lively members of present-day Dublin society.

In anecdote and in the instant, convincing drawing of characters Dr. Gogarty is inimitable. Here is an instance in his description of Mahaffy, Provost of Trinity College. "Over six foot and over seventy, unbowed, with head slightly inclined, I see him talking to some attentive Fellow, and I await the dismissal with wave of the hand and the supercilious smile. 'If they must learn Irish, teach them that beautiful pre-Gaelic speech of which only three words remain. Anyone with a little aptitude can learn them in a week . . .' and he would walk away slowly with the right toe turned in somewhat, as if he stood at a wicket."

Dr. Gogarty knew the revolutionary leaders and he had some close escapes himself. On one occasion he was "taken for a ride," but escaped, jumped into the Liffey, and swam along it for some way in the darkness, till he climbed out, because he could not bear "the idea of passing Guinness's." Lord Dunsany's admirable butler, too, is worthy of a mention. Not even when the Black and Tans drove off with Lord Dunsany in a lorry was his composure ruffled. "Who shall I say called?" he inquired. Don't miss this book, as you value your reading list!

There was an elusive sense of familiarity about Mr. Peter Stucley's **RUSSIAN SPRING** (Selwyn and Blount. 12s. 6d.) which puzzled me for some time. Puzzled me, in fact, as far as page 202 on which I found the solution. There was nothing banal about Mr. Stucley's sprightly review of things Russian and things Communistic, which made its oddly reminiscent flavour all the more unaccountable. The answer when it came was simple enough. I had been reading, a few weeks ago, Miss Delafield's *Straw Without Bricks*.

Miss Delafield's Russian expedition had taken her from Leningrad to Moscow, where she stayed for some time on her way to the Crimean coast. Mr. Stucley came to Moscow from the south on his way to Leningrad and there, the most amateur of clue-detectors might reason, they met by a happy chance, and perhaps even laughed together over their experiences, and over the various setbacks to inquiring travellers that the U.S.S.R. seems to offer. In any case, as is inevitable when two writers have visited the same places in the same summer, some of their conclusions are identical and particularly their quotations from their enviably single-minded guides.

Mr. Stucley however has attempted a more profound survey of the Soviet system and its material results than Miss Delafield found necessary. After all, had she not had explicit instructions from her American publisher to go to Russia and "be funny about it"? Mr. Stucley on the other hand had gone to Russia and had been both alert and earnest about it. The result is an extremely readable book, without too many intellectual demands on the reader, and some charming appreciations of strictly pre-Soviet architecture which I enjoyed as well as anything in the book.

The story of Saul and David, one can say with perfect reverence, is one of the best in the Old Testament from the point of view of the novelist. This has not escaped Mr. Blaker, who in **DAVID OF JUDAH** (Nisbet. 8s. 6d.) has re-told the story in modern idiom, and sometimes in modern American idiom. By this, and by other devices, the story is spun out to many times its original length and becomes correspondingly tenuous. Nor does it make me anything but uneasy to read that "Jonathan stood forth to take his medicine—death." It is a good story, in Mr. Blaker's telling, but it always was.

Possibly because of disgraceful insularity I am apt to be irritated by Australian idioms. They never seem so richly pictorial as their Cockney or American equivalents, they are not usually self-explanatory and consulting glossaries is a tedious business. Now I have found a book which seems to put them in their proper place, a narrative to which they lend colour and an inimitable feeling of place.

SAND AND SUN (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) is an account of two recent expeditions in search of gold. Both of them were undertaken in what are called the "dry lands" of Central Australia. That is to say that both of them were undertaken in conditions of what most of us would call extreme discomfort, and yet Mr. Michael Terry, who led them, and who is writing of them here, is able to say in his foreword; "May you, in your armchair, like and enjoy my 11th and 12th expeditions as we in our camel saddle liked and enjoyed them."

For camels, those haughty and intractable beasts, were their means of transport, the only practical means for the desert journeys, and the very raw material for some of Mr. Terry's best anecdotes.

The expeditions covered twelve months and Mr. Terry's book has been compiled from the day-to-day log book that was kept, but since only the highlights of the journey were recorded it is sometimes difficult to remember the intervals of very nearly maddening monotony, the day-long marches to inadequate water-holes, the unending rides on what is surely the most uncomfortable mount in the world. Nevertheless the book is exhilarating and even exciting as the personal record of three men who "searched for a camp upon each succeeding horizon."

Mr. Terry suggests that the reader will "leap from incident to incident like a kangaroo bounding through the mulga," thus avoiding the sameness and dullness that is often the curse in actual experience. The very least that can be said in recommending his book is that it has much of the liveliness and all the vigour of Australia's emblematic animal.

"AS I WAS WALKING DOWN SACKVILLE STREET" is the title of the witty, colourful, and often exciting book of memoirs, by Dr. Oliver St. J. Gogarty, which Vernon Fane reviews on this page. This picture of the author is from a portrait by Augustus John

It is more than forty years since the Dreyfus trial split the whole of France into two camps, broke up families, separated life-long friends, and fanned scores of little enmities into blazing hates. Thirty years since Dreyfus was publicly rehabilitated and decorated with

(*Continued on page* 126)

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A JOHNSON FIND: Colonel Ralph Isham, the well-known American collector of Boswelliana and Johnsoniana, holding the notebook which was found a short while ago at Malahide Castle, County Dublin, and which he has since acquired from Lord Talbot de Malahide, a great-great grandson of Boswell, and taken with him to America. The notebook contains a dozen or so pages in Johnson's hand-writing, recording his thoughts and activities, but it covers such a very short period that it could hardly be called a diary

the Order of Chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur. In that time his innocence has been recognised and established once and for all, his own reminiscences of the five terrible years of his trials and imprisonment have been published, and there seems to be little new that can be said.

Last week his son, M. Pierre Dreyfus published a further account of the famous case, not with the object of throwing further light on "the historical truth . . . established to-day beyond all shadow of doubt," but to recapitulate the case in its entirety at this distance in time, to give a fresh drawing of the principal characters, and to disclose, in some very moving letters between Dreyfus and his wife, one of the strongest forces in Dreyfus' personal drama.

For many years Dreyfus was upheld in his fight for complete vindication by the knowledge that his own honour and his integrity were unassailable. Zola, amongst his many friends, strengthened him in this, as we have since learnt from his memoirs. What we learn from **DREYFUS: HIS LIFE AND LETTERS** (Hutchinson. 18s.) is that the strength to go on living at all, the inspiration on which he depended in the days of his most complete despair was his wife. Her letters in those years were as necessary to him as water or air. "What courage you give me, my darling," he writes, from the Santé prison. "Courage to live."

The World of Books

(Continued from page 124)

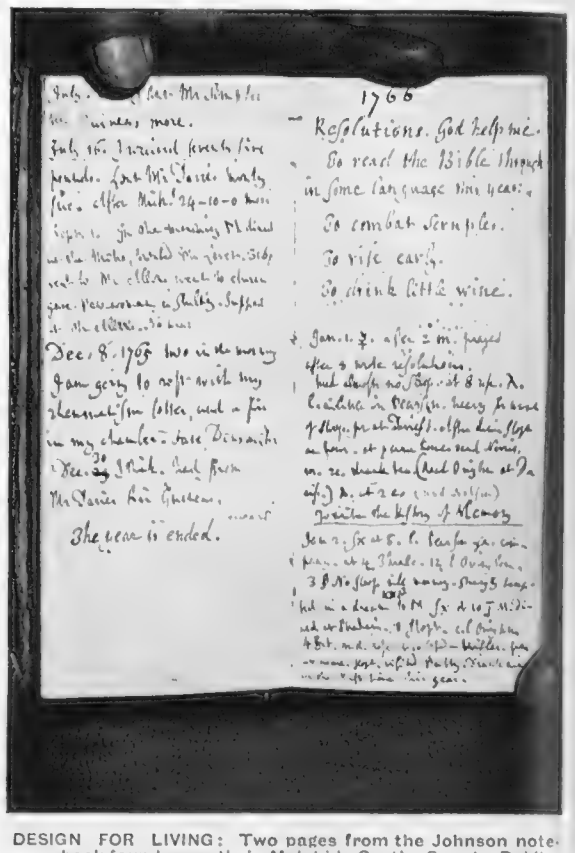
From one of her letters to him, while he was in prison on Devil's Island, the following passage is taken. It is typical of many, in fact of the spirit of all her messages. "What long hours, what sad days we have endured since the moment when this dreadful misfortune fell on us like a thunderbolt. Yet we hope we have now traversed the worst part of our long calvary, and that the future holds nothing but sweet joy. We have gone through unbearable suffering, but our conscience has given us strength to stand all the pain . . . I am convinced that with an iron will, invincible energy, and perseverance in the face of every setback, it is possible to overcome every difficulty, and resolve every mystery. That iron will is mine, and will be mine until the day of triumph. It is love that gives me this power."

That letter was written nearly four years before Dreyfus returned to France. Many letters from famous partisans of the Dreyfus cause are quoted; Anatole France, Zola, Joseph Reinach who had worked unceasingly to prove his innocence, Réjane, Sarah Bernhardt, the explorer Stanley, and Clemenceau. The book is divided into two parts: M. Pierre Dreyfus' account of the trial, together with the letters, and Colonel Dreyfus' own account of the case, from the second condemnation at Rennes in 1899, after his return from Devil's Island, to his final acquittal in 1906.

After that date there was little to tell. Dreyfus at that time retired from the army, but returned to active service during the war. He died in 1935, at the age of seventy-six. This book is an act of homage from his son.

BOOKS RECEIVED

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN.—THE OTHER MAN'S JOB. By E. P. Leigh-Bennett. 10s. 6d. PHILIP ALLAN.—NINE WIVES. By Jasper Howlett. 7s. 6d. BARKER.—NAKED TO LAUGHTER. By Dorothy McCleary. 7s. 6d. OLD AMOS. By Arnold Edmondson. Illustrated by Thomas Henry. 7s. 6d. BELL.—HARVEST OF THE MOOR. By Margaret Leigh. 8s 6d. THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN. By Charles Booth. 7s. 6d. BLES.—WHEN ALL'S SAID AND DONE. By Herbert Swears. Illustrated. 12s. AN ACTOR PREPARES. By Constantin Stanislavsky. 15s. BOEHRINGER.—MERRY-GO-ROUND: A Kind of Poem. By Edward Ellul. 5s. THORNTON BUTTERWORTH.—GOLDEN PEACOCK. By Gertrude Atherton. 7s. 6d. JONATHAN CAPE.—LONDON: The Unique City. By Steen Eiler Rasmussen. Introduction by James Bone. Illustrated. 15s. FELICITY GREENE: The Story of a Success. By John Brophy. 7s. 6d. CHANGING ETON: A Survey of Conditions Based on the History of Eton Since the Royal Commission of 1862–64. By L. S. R. Byrne and E. L. Churchill. 10s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—EDWARD GIBBON. 1737–1794. By D. M. Low. Illustrated. 15s. COLLINS.—MURDER IN THE MEWS: And Other Stories. By Agatha Christie. 7s. 6d. DEATH OF MR. DODSLEY. By John Ferguson. 7s. 6d. WILD GOOSE CHASE. By Lawson Luard. 7s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—CARLA. By Robert Clive. 7s. 6d. ALLAH DETHRONED: A Journey Through Modern Turkey. By Lilo Linke. Illustrated. 15s. HERB OF GRACE. By Anne Darrington. 7s. 6d. AT LAST WE ARE ALONE. By F. Sladen-Smith. 7s. 6d. COUNTRY LIFE, LTD.—ROYAL WESTMINSTER AND THE CORONATION. By J. G. Noppen. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. DENT.—PURCELL. By J. A. Westrup. Illustrated. 4s. 6d. I.L.O.: THE UNREGARDED REVOLUTION. By Kathleen Gibbard. 2s. 6d. LOVAT DICKSON.—LORDS OF THE INLAND SEA: A Study of the Mediterranean Powers. By Sir Charles Petrie. 10s. 6d. DAY STAR. By Peter Benedict. 7s. 6d.



DESIGN FOR LIVING: Two pages from the Johnson notebook found recently in Malahide Castle, County Dublin, and acquired by Colonel Ralph Isham from Lord Talbot de Malahide. At the top of the right-hand page Dr. Johnson set down his good resolutions for New Year 1766 in the following words:—"God help me to read the Bible through in some language this year. To combat scruples. To rise early. To drink little wine"

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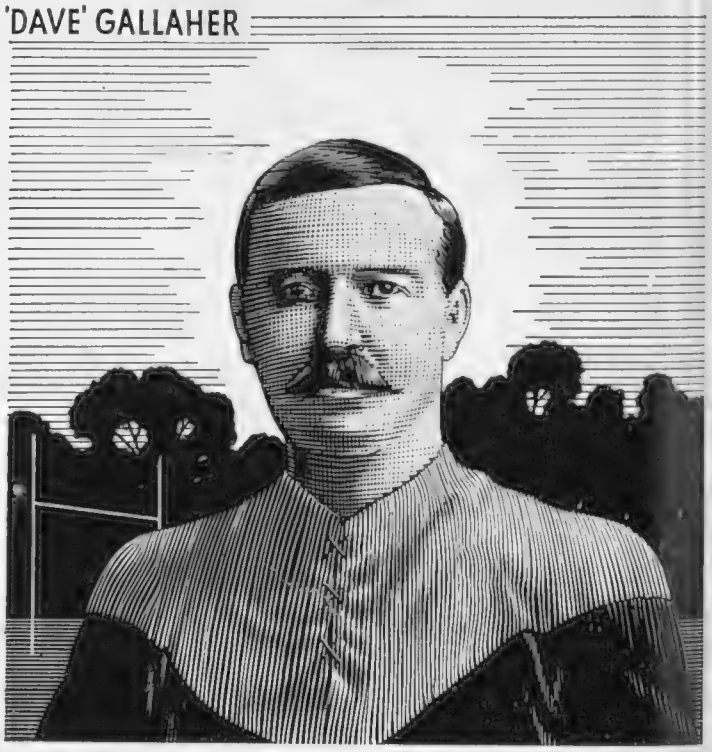

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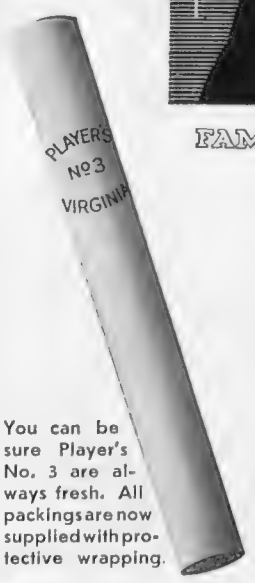

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Beneath the south-western face of the great Mendip hills nestles Cheddar at the foot of its famous gorge. Old as a place, it was beloved of Roman miner and Saxon counsellor (two Witenagemots were held here) and—like all old places of English use and habitation—beautiful. In the seventeenth century began the making of the cheese that has made the name world-famous. An epicure has said that it was specially invented to go with old English beer ; whether this be true or no, certain it is that this cheese is a most noble complement to your Worthington—itself old, and English, and—some say—beautiful.

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"SEE! THE CONQUERING HERO COMES": The surging throng at Le Bourget aerodrome, Paris, on the night of May 21, 1927, when Parisians turned out in their thousands to greet Colonel Lindbergh (then Captain) on the completion of his sensational trans-Atlantic flight

THE ATLANTIC AIR RACE

The £30,000 Contest to Commemorate Lindbergh's Pioneer Flight

Colonel Lindbergh's flight from New York to Paris, perhaps the greatest of pioneer efforts in the world of aviation by reason of the fact that the pilot navigated his machine solo from starting point to destination without a hitch, is to be worthily commemorated in this, its tenth anniversary year, by an International Air Race from New York to Paris organised by the Aero Club de France. Competitors may make the crossing on any day in August, and the first prize of £15,000 will go to the entrant whose machine puts up the best performance under the time of 33 hrs. 30 mins. taken by Colonel Lindbergh.

ENGLAND'S STIRRING WELCOME TO THE HERO OF TWO WORLDS: The rushing crowd that swept across Croydon aerodrome, tearing down the barriers in its path, as Lindbergh landed in England in his plane, *The Spirit of St. Louis*, there to be acclaimed for his achievement in flying solo from New York to Paris

On left—LADY CUNLIFFE-OWEN, wife of Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Bart., who is to lay the keel-plate of *The Clyde Clipper*, a British entry in the forthcoming New York to Paris Air Race

WITH THE FLEMINGS AND WALLOONS (Continued from page 106)

you join one of these "drinking clubs" the secretary of the club proposes you, seconds you, elects you, and pays your entrance fee of ten francs.

Even roulette is against the law. It is, however, "tolerated." The casinos of Spa, Ostende, Blankenberghe, Knocke, and elsewhere are technically liable to be closed at any moment. Even the casino at Ostende closed for two days some time ago; and that admirable gambling joint, the Wellington Club, also at Ostende, was completely closed up eight months ago.

As I think I said in *Gone Abroad*, Belgium is divided between the Roman Catholics and the Socialists. The Roman Catholics consider it irreligious of the rich to gamble. The Socialists say it is unfair for the rich to gamble. Now, of course, there are the Rexists led by Degrelle, but he is also an ardent Roman Catholic. Ferdinand Tuohy told you all about the politics of Belgium the other day and so I won't go into that. I can only give an unsolicited testimonial to the fact that when you next want a change from your usual holidays in France, Scotland, Austria, the Mediterranean, or wherever it may be, you should think twice before ruling out Belgium. It is true that on a second visit to Bruges I was somewhat disappointed. The exteriors seemed as fascinating as ever, but the interiors were not so impressive. But that, perhaps, is because in the meantime I had visited Toledo, Santiago, Leon, and the other great cathedral cities of Spain just before the Revolution.

Spa, which gave its name to all inland health resorts, seemed even more attractive on a second visit. It has an excellent golf course as well as a tangible memory of the Kaiser's abdication. He actually abdicated in the Hotel Britannique. Indeed, all the countryside of the Ardennes exceeded my previous memories of it. The wooded hills, the winding roads, the trout streams, and the Château d'Ardennes itself completely give the lie to the general theory that Belgium is a flat featureless plain. Belgium, indeed, provides you with the nucleus of a complete holiday. It has several excellent seaside golf courses, it has casinos, it has ancient cities, it has great paintings; it has admirable restaurants, fine wines, and amusing theatres.

One final statistic. I am told that you can live very comfortably indeed in Belgium on a fiver a week.

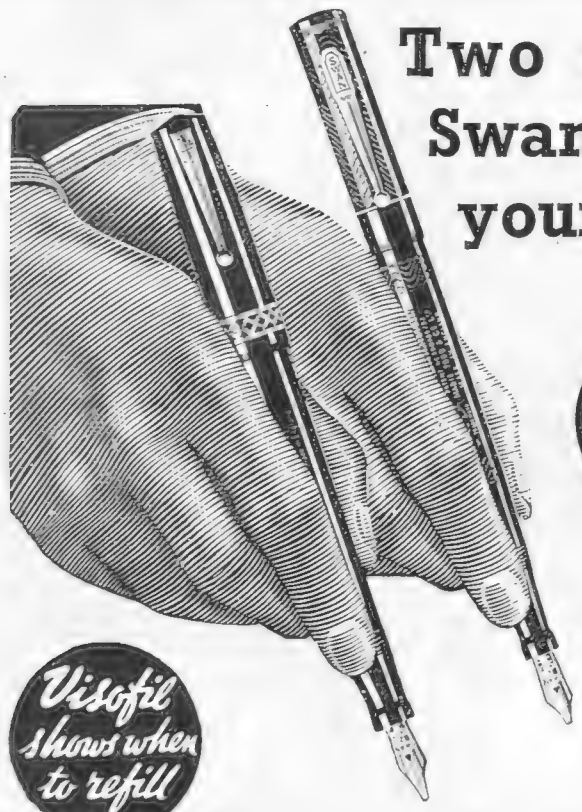
A ROOSEVELT FAILURE (Continued from page 122)

This situation was growing steadily, but not rapidly, worse when the world war broke. The present sudden and intense aggravation of this situation is due directly to that catastrophe. Prices for agricultural products soared, with the result that more and more land that never should have been plowed was plowed. During the period of war prices, and during the period of boom prices that followed the war, these lands were profitable enough. But, as agricultural lands, even during any period of normal prices they are distinctly submarginal.

Thus the people, in their greed for war-time profits, accomplished the destruction of their own holdings, and of other people's holdings. High winds took the topsoil off acres where it was an asset, and deposited it on other acres where it was a liability; blew the seeds out of acres in which they were planted into other acres where they were smothered; and exposed vast areas to the drying influence of sun and wind. In their wake they left tax-delinquent lands, a lowered standard of living, and a hopeless future for thousands of families not more wise nor more foolish than their fellows.

The President's ten-year drought programme, which I have already discussed, now proposes to attack the problem in another way. It was sent as a message from the President to the first session of the seventy-fifth Congress in a document of 194 pages of text, photographs, maps, charts and graphs. Yet a Government official, engaged in this work for years, said to me only recently: "I don't believe the President knows what his programme is, or what he wants."

Two modern Swans for your choice



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Sir Malcolm Campbell sums up in "The Field."

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FILM FOLK

IN TOWN THIS WEEK: Mireille Balin, the young French screen star, pictured on arrival at Croydon last Monday afternoon before attending the première of her film, *Pépé le Moko*, at the Curzon Cinema, Mayfair. Mlle Balin is one of the most beautiful newcomers to the screen France has provided for a long while and her intelligent acting has won her high praise. One of her lesser known accomplishments is billiards

MERLE OBERON CONVALESCENT: The noted screen actress leaving Middlesex Hospital where she has been ever since sustaining an injury in a car collision. The accident has proved costly for London Film Productions as in consequence work has had to be stopped temporarily on the making of the picture "*I, Claudius*"

On right—IN CHARITY'S NAME: The film *The Mill on the Floss* had its matinee première this week at the London Hippodrome in aid of the University College Hospital, and before the event some of the child members of the cast visited the hospital, touring the wards and distributing toys and other gifts to the patients

SABU AT HIS STUDIES: The twelve-year-old son of one of the Maharajah of Mysore's elephant keepers and the hero of Robert Flaherty's film *Elephant Boy*, based on Kipling's *Toomai of the Elephants*, is now living in England and being coached by Captain T. Thompson, of Beaconsfield. Sabu is a clever natural actor, performing his part in the picture which is now at the Leicester Square Theatre, in a delightfully free and wholly unselfconscious manner

Mireille Balin Flies to London: Merle Oberon and "I, Claudius": Sabu, The Elephant Boy Goes to School

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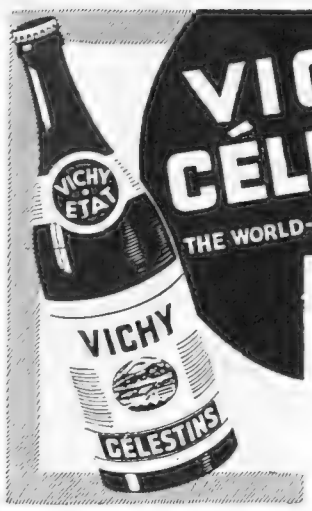

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THE FORESHORE AT ST. MARTIN'S, one of the more sparsely inhabited of the Scilly Isles. The numerous hedges are used as wind-breaks on the bulb plantations

The Lure of Lyonesse

The Scilly Isles and their Never-failing Attraction Alike for the Lover of Beauty and the Student of Legend

LEGENDS and stories abound in the Isles of Scilly. They are, says one of them, the hilltops of the sunken land of Lyonesse; or here, says another, lies—

"... the island valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns—
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea."

Hither, runs yet another, was borne the dying Arthur; here perhaps lie his bones, here "Excalibur" was received back by its mystic giver. With all due respect to poetic licence, the devotee of Tennyson will on the island of Tresco certainly be able to recognise several landmarks of the last scene of the "Passing of Arthur."

Some of the historical facts are almost as curious, such as that up to the time of the dissolution the Prior of Tresco Abbey paid his rent in puffins.

There is a pearly softness in the air as we step from the train at Penzance. This characteristic distinguishes the Duchy from all other parts of England. Across the still bay St. Michael's Mount looms fairy-like through the morning mist: one could not have a more typical first sight of Cornwall where the spells of Merlin seem still to linger. There is time for a leisured breakfast before going aboard the *Saillonian* which is soon bearing us past the rugged coast which leads to Land's End and across the open stretch of sea to St. Mary's the principal island, and luncheon. On the way you will notice the Wolf lighthouse, which is so inaccessible that the keepers sometimes remain unrelieved from duty for weeks after their spell is up.

The arrival at Hugh Town, the capital, is something to be remembered. An excellent panorama of the strangely shaped low islands is had as the steamer nears port. They are nowhere high. Except on Tresco there are few trees; but a fantastic diversity of shape in the rocks and small eminences, the glorious colours of the sea, a brilliant sun, and the rich tones of gorse bracken and the rocks themselves combine to make up for the loss of the heights to be found elsewhere. In a variety of ways the Islands are unique.

The present happy state of the Islands dates from a day a little more than a century ago. Neglected by the then absentee Lord Proprietor the islanders had come to rely upon smuggling to such an extent as a livelihood that the Revenue men at last lost patience and confiscated all their boats. Famine ensued, and relief ships had to be sent from Plymouth. It was at this moment that Augustus Smith, a Hertfordshire squire, applied for and obtained a lease of the Islands from the Duchy. Under his rule social reforms were introduced, gorse and trees successively planted to give shelter and to preserve the shallow soil, houses and boats built, and the foundation of the flower and other industries laid. Administered by him and successive Lords Proprietors, members of his family, the Islands have continued to prosper to this day.

ON TREE-CLAD TRESCO: *Left*—A glimpse of the Abbey owned by the present Lord Proprietor of the Scillies. It stands in magnificent grounds famed for their abundance of rare tropical plants. *Right*—A druidical stone on St. Mary's

When one considers that the first flowers are picked from the bulb-fields soon after Christmas it is a little difficult to say when spring actually begins in the Scilly Isles. Perhaps it is best to follow the example of the puffins, who arrive on exactly the same day in the middle of March every year. In April and May, however, the attractions of both flowers and birds and fishing may perhaps best be combined. Then the last golden freight may not have left on its way to Covent Garden, and you may still be able to admire fields of nodding daffodils and narcissus or the noble plantations of arum lilies. Then, too, the shearwaters, razorbills, guillemots, and storm-petrels, to name a few of the breeding birds, will have settled down at their nesting sites. (You will have to stay up at night to catch a glimpse of the shearwaters or petrels, who are far out at sea or in their holes by day.) And at this time of year one may reasonably expect calm enough weather to enable the most queasily inclined to bring back their half-hundred of pollack without having displayed unhappy symptoms.

WORN TO FANTASTIC SHAPES BY WIND AND SEA: Some of the curious rock formations to be found on St. Mary's, the largest of the Scilly Isles

On St. Mary's you will find that the art of running picnics has been brought to perfection, and all through the spring and summer arrangements are made for motor boats to deposit at, and fetch visitors from, the different islands, Bryher, St. Agnes, St. Martin's, Samson, or a dozen others. Complete with your lunch it is difficult to think of anything pleasanter than to be marooned for a day on one of the islands, perhaps uninhabited, with the comfortable certainty of being called for by one of a race of the best seamen in Britain after a day's bathing from a sandy cove, botanising, bird-watching, or merely sleeping in the sun to the sound of the wind and sea. On this island nearly all the children have red hair; perhaps the Norsemen left some Irish slaves there. On another there is a colony of puffins; but there are none on that, which has equally suitable burrows. Why? Because puffins are clean little birds and cannot abide the neighbourhood of the cormorants and shags who have come to nest on the rocks nearby, and who, to put it crudely, stink.

Then to the gardener there is Tresco. He will have to go to Teneriffe or Madeira before he finds anything to approach it. Here, in a climate which knows no frost, trees and plants from all over the world have been collected together over a period of a century. If you happen to hear a peculiar chafing sound proceeding apparently from the bushes do not be alarmed; it is merely the grinding of the teeth of the Director of Kew in his jealousy and mortification.

There are huge eucalyptus trees, some with flowers like living torches, palms, flame trees from New Zealand, and orange aloes from South Africa, acacias (of a tribe known to all of us by the mimosa of the London streets) in a score of varieties, camellias in mountains of blossom, the tall blue spires of echiums and the glistening pagodas of yuccas, and lilies from the mountains of Nepal in their season. The gardens are free to every visitor under the guidance of one of the gardeners.

The Islands need no plages, promenades, or marine gardens to attract the visitor. They can confidently rely on their own unspoilt charms. Warmed by the unspent force of the Gulf Stream which accounts for the climate and the presence in summer of such strange creatures as the azure nautilus or "Portuguese man-o'-war" in their waters, cleaned by the sea and the free winds, and enriched by a sunlight of diamond brilliance, they are a fascinating outpost of England.

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Moderate Inclusive Terms

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An Island off the Southern Coast, a modern hotel, a succession of sun-drenched days, a romantic atmosphere, food to please Lucullus himself, peace, quiet, undisturbed comfort, dust-free air, very modest tariff . . . but S. P. B. Mais has written a book about it. Write for free copy of illustrated Brochure 'B'

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Sailing, motoring, walking, idling in charming surroundings . . . staying at a first-class hotel

GREENBANK HOTEL, FALMOUTH

A.A. R.A.C.

delightfully perched on the water's edge and very comfortable
Own private pier. Craft of all kinds for hire.

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Surrey in Springtime

is to be enjoyed at its best at Bramley Grange—a beautiful country house with 30 acres of grounds and gardens. The countryside will soon be bursting into bloom—an added charm to the many social and sporting amenities available. Bramley Golf Club (18 holes) adjoining Hotel grounds. Ten minutes by bus to Guildford—40 minutes from there by train to London. Bridge Hostess—free instruction to Residents. Own covered Squash Court, Hard Tennis Court, and Billiard Room. Very moderate inclusive terms. Illustrated literature with pleasure.

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In Quest of

Leamington, One of the Most Virile of

COMPARISONS can often be odious and criticism unfair. Such to my mind was the case when I was informed recently by a gossip writer in a Sunday newspaper, who had passed through Leamington Spa one Sunday evening, that British spas in general, and Leamington in particular, were dreadfully dull, whilst Continental spas were utterly gay and bright.

To illustrate her point she described a boulevard scene which could only be enacted on a mid-summer's night, and possibly then only in a dream. It is often not possible for me to visit places in the heyday of their summer season, and as a consequence I have to use my eyes and ears to visualise what places will be like in a few months' time, but I am quite satisfied, from what I heard and saw when I was in Leamington the day before our gossip writer friend passed through, that Leamington was the reverse of dullness and from May onwards will be a feast of colour.

Where else is there a spa where the lamp standards of the principal streets are festooned with flower baskets all through the summer? Where else are the windows of the pump room thrown open so that you can sit on the *terrasse* along the side of the tree-lined boulevard (note how I am borrowing from the Continent to impress the Continental spa enthusiast), sip the waters, and listen to the strains of a talented orchestra?

Where else too is there a spa where from the pump room and baths in the centre of the town you can walk for two miles through municipal gardens (kurparks if you prefer it), take your meals under the trees, wield tennis racquets or putter, take punt pole or paddle and propel yourself leisurely on the even more leisurely Leam, and in the evening, when thousands of fairy lights are twinkling in the trees, assume if romance is beckoning, that you are in Paradise.

Leamington is quite one of the lightest, brightest, and most virile of our British spas. Yet she competes with none of them. She only attracts people for herself, and spa treatments there do not dominate to the exclusion of all else, for the health-seeker blends with the holiday-maker and the resident.

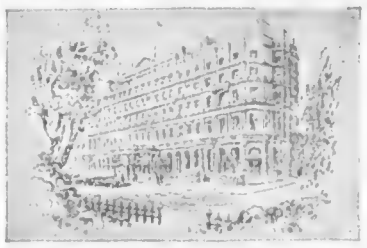
A very cursory glance at the town and neighbourhood was quite sufficient to visualise the popularity of Leamington in these respects. In the town there are good shops, clubs, and schools. In the neighbourhood are well-known places such as Stratford, Warwick, Kenilworth, and within motoring distance—the Cotswolds. But the one surprising thing to my mind was that there was not a wider choice of first-class hotels.

The two principal licensed hotels are the Manor House and the Regent. The latter is in the main street and can

ALEXANDRA HOTEL HYDE PARK CORNER LONDON, S.W.1

A good address—

in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.



140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Brochure on request. Under the same management as Oatlands Park Hotel. Telephone: Sloane 4521 (10 lines).

Overlooking Rotten Row

Situated centrally in the West End, overlooking gardens, and within a few minutes of Victoria Station, Hyde Park and Piccadilly.

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Bedrooms with private bathrooms and toilets. Private suites. Telephone in all rooms. Renowned for Cuisine and Service - - - - Wedding Receptions.

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Finest position on Sea Front.
Unequalled for Comfort and Cuisine.

Luxurious Suites. Own Garage. Private Bathrooms.

Terms from 15/- daily.

Telephone: Hastings 201. *Telegrams: "Queens, Hastings."*

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Lightest, Brightest, and Britain's Spas

hardly be missed by anyone passing through the town, but the Manor House has the good fortune to be surrounded by three acres of private grounds, and it takes a little believing to realise that the Royal pump room, baths, and municipal gardens are immediately adjacent, and in fact can be reached from the Manor House without going on to the high road at all.

As I drove up to the Manor House I was interested to read the notice to the effect that the first tennis club in the world was formed on the tennis courts adjoining the hotel. If you ever play an extra good game while staying at the Manor House, you can put it down to the fact that you are being inspired by the spirits of those tennis giants who have played before you!

There is a certain old English character about the Manor House that would appeal to many. In fact, in all the modernising they have done they have been careful to keep to the essentials and avoid destroying the character of the house, but as one's main object in an hotel is the assurance of good food, good bed, and good service, you can have all three at the Manor House with the fourth rather rarer attribute—perfect quietude.

As I was able to see over only one of the unlicensed hotels, it would not be fair for me to individualise; so until such time as I can complete my education as regards Leamington, I shall be quite content to refer inquiries to Mr. W. J. Leist, spa and publicity manager for the Leamington Spa Corporation, from whom helpful information flows as freely as does the saline water from Leamington's natural springs.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Miss F. (Aberdeen) has asked me for information respecting a good hotel within motoring distance of the Lincolnshire bulb fields. These lie in the Spalding–Wisbech area, and I have strongly recommended the Haycock Hotel at Wansford-in-England, which is only about 24 miles from the centre of this area.

Mrs. B. (Cornwall).—A letter from this lady kept me busy for several hours with map, pencil, and distance-finder. She has asked me for some places where she and her friends could conveniently make a half-way house between their Cornish cottage and their Surrey home. A place where, amongst other things, they could be certain of warm bedrooms and well-aired beds. Amongst other places I have recommended to her—the Antelope Hotel at Dorchester.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels both large and small known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C. 4.*

In the lee of the Leas . . . in the path of the sun. In fact a first-class situation for an early Spring holiday.

PRINCES HOTEL, FOLKESTONE

The essential details. Rooms with private bath or suites. Lift to all floors. Central heating, Cocktail Lounge, softened water. Tennis, Squash and Badminton Courts adjoining. Golf Links 10 minutes' walk. Our cooking? Well, sampling is the only proof. Your comfort is under the personal direction of the resident proprietors. 'Phone Folkestone 2666

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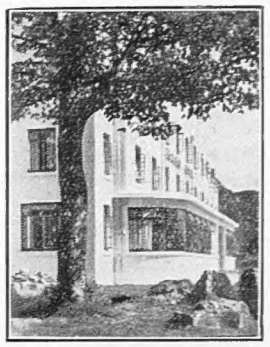

Arthur Towle, Controller, L M S Hotel Services, St. Pancras, London. N.W.1

HEADLAND HOTEL, NEWQUAY

Pasties and patron saints

are Cornwall's stock-in-trade. But for those who like playing golf under idyllic conditions, racing the gulls on a surf-board, dancing to the roar of the Atlantic (and Philip Brown's Band), lazing in the sun and generally disporting themselves like two-year-olds with a knowledge of what's what . . . well, Cornwall means the Headland Hotel—the natural headquarters for touring Cornwall. Every room with a sea-view. Golf. Tennis. Surfing. Dancing. Write to S. Polglaze for "Have You Ever?" or the Headland in Pictures. 'Phone: Newquay 511 (3 lines).

'Phone 221 **THE ROYAL GLEN SIDMOUTH** Private Hotel

The Hotel with a Country House atmosphere, situated :: in picturesque grounds adjoining the esplanade. ::

Terms Moderate and Inclusive. Resident Proprietors: Mr. and Mrs. W. MARTIN.

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Beautiful Park of 60 acres. Private Golf Course. Tennis, Badminton, and Squash Courts. Dancing every Saturday. All inclusive, from 4½ guineas weekly.
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Princes at the Prince . . .
Royal princes from the East, princes of sport, princes (and princesses!) of the stage, film stars . . . all the people in the news stay at the Prince. If not feeling princely they can go and play golf on one of Southport's seven courses . . . and you will always meet the interesting people at the

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL SOUTHPORT'S LEADING HOTEL

the congregating point of Who's Who in the North. Good food, comfort and courtesy of course. Dancing every Saturday night.

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Polished Oak . . .
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Here stands the Spa in a pleasant green oasis of lawns and trees in 60 acres of parkland, 400 feet up facing the southern sun. Sporting golf course in the grounds. Solid comfort, quiet and hospitality, plus the usual attractions of Tunbridge Wells in early Spring await visitors to

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20 minutes from town, a charming garden-hotel, luxuriously decorated and appointed, and Fully Licensed. A cheerful, restful headquarters for the coming London Season, and for all the social and sporting events of the South. Sun balconies and terrace. 400 ft. up, facing South. Terms from 4½ gns. Write to the proprietress or 'phone: WIMbledon 0811.

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THE DOWNS WIMBLEDON

SELSDON PARK HOTEL
SANDERSTEAD SURREY

Half an hour from the City and West End, yet over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills.

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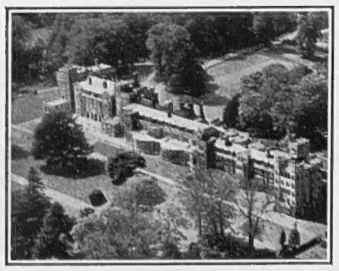
AT MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS



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where Summer is months ahead of the calendar. Come early this year; enjoy our flowers, our glorious climate, our pleasant, healthy way of life, our cooking, our comfortable hotel. Chapter and verse with pleasure from the Proprietor, A. COLLEY.

Telegrams: "Sheltered, Jersey."

— An hour and a half by plane from Heston —

COPING WITH THE CORONATION TRAFFIC PROBLEM

(*Continued from page 99*)

In regard to pedestrians, they can trickle in as they please, but how late they will be admitted depends entirely on conditions. When the Coronation route is filled the barriers will be closed. That is all that can be said except that there will be no standing room for the general public on the Victoria Embankment, Constitution Hill, Queen's Gardens, the Victoria Memorial, and the south and east sides of Parliament Square. These are reserved for children, ex-Servicemen, and so on.

Now let us jump from the axis to the periphery or beyond it. And here the Automobile Association in conjunction with Scotland Yard is doing yeoman work. There will be thousands of motorists from the country who will dread driving into London at such a time. Any member of the Association, therefore, can be informed, on application, of the railway station to which he should proceed in order thence to take train for town. And he will be informed, too, as to where he can park his car.

In this matter the London Transport Board are lending a giant hand of help. Coaches and buses proceeding along main routes will be labelled with the colours of that section of the Coronation route to which they can most nearly proceed. And care should be exercised in this respect. For instance it is no use taking a green and brown bus if you wish to reach that section of the route labelled red, because you will be landed miles from your destination. But anyone can obtain gratis a coloured map from any Underground station.

Of course, it is not only the eve of Coronation or the day of Coronation that matter. There are special police regulations in respect to traffic which extend over the period beginning May 1 and ending May 31; and Whit Monday in particular is a day of which sightseers should study conditions in advance. There are also special regulations in relation to flood-lighting nights, of a far too detailed nature to be given here. For whatever information you seek ask the local police; you will find them friendly and helpful.

It may, indeed, be said that Scotland Yard have never tackled so vast a job before. And they have tackled it thoroughly. There seems to be nothing that they have not thought of, and nothing which they will have left undone. There is, however, one unknown quantity, and that is the human element which runs into several millions.

And talking of the human element, there is a bright and human touch on the coloured map issued by the London Transport Board. It runs as follows:

YOU WILL BE HUNGRY. REMEMBER THAT YOU WILL BE WAITING FOR A LONG TIME AND THAT IT WILL BE WISE TO BRING SANDWICHES OR OTHER FOOD WITH YOU.
GOD SAVE THE KING!

E. B.

CONTINUATIONS

THE ANCIENT "CROOKED BILLET" INN, at Iver, Bucks, regarding the future of which there has been much speculation since it was announced that it would close its doors as a hostelry and that its name and licence would be transferred to a modern hotel nearing completion at Five Points, some little distance along the high road. The place has many historic associations, particularly as a haunt of highwaymen, and the thatched stable across the yard is supposed to have been occupied by Dick Turpin's famous Black Bess. In the big room upstairs Courts were held until about a century ago, and, as might be expected, Queen Elizabeth is reputed to have spent the night at the Inn while on the way to Windsor

ON STAGE AND SCREEN

(*Continued from page 117*)

Syndicate, during which some superb performances were given, not, alas, supported by the public to anything like the extent they should have been. That was partly because purchasers of the more fashionable seats are stubborn and sheeplike in their notion that it is not "the thing" to go to the opera in winter time. The season which opens at Covent Garden on Monday next (April 19) is sure of better luck, because it is unquestionably "the thing" to go to the opera in the summer time, (or what passes for it).

This London season will be, like Sam Weller's London knowledge, both extensive and peculiar. For one thing it starts, not with weeks of undiluted German opera, but with Verdi's *Otello*, followed by French opera, the *Ariane et Barbe Bleue* of Paul Dukas, then by another dash of Italian — Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* — Wagner not making any appearance until the Thursday, when *Parsifal* will be given. This arrangement is in many ways preferable to that in previous years.

Don Pasquale has been a rare visitor since it was first produced in London in 1843. There is no truth, by the way, in the persistent tradition that Donizetti was really a Scot. He was an Italian, born at Bergamo, where he died in 1848. But he had a mysterious penchant for Scottish themes, one of his best-known operas being *Lucia de Lammermoor*, a setting of Walter Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor*. This is not, of course, a humorous work. But when I saw it in Milan some years ago, with the kilted chorus each with a sporran worn *at the back*, one member at least of the audience was amused.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

AT this time when all thoughts are turning towards the Coronation, please remember the great work that the Society are carrying on of caring for young children, and training them to become good and loyal citizens of the Empire. A large sum of money has to be found each week, and the Society are making an urgent appeal for funds. Will you send a Coronation gift, large or small, to assist in this great work? Your donation will be gratefully acknowledged from the Society's Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

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Bexhill-on-Sea.—Riposo Hotel.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Brighton. Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Godalming.—The Lake Hotel.
Guildford.—Bramley Grange Hotel.
Hambleden.—Stag & Huntsman (Henley 4 miles).
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Wellington Hotel. Tel. 4457.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Borrowdale Htl.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Seaton (Devon).—Royal Clarence Hotel. Tel. 15.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel. Tel. 221.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Southport.—Waverley Hotel Ltd., Promenade.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Sutton-on-Trent (133¾).—Old England Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
De Vere Hotel, W.8. West 0051.
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.

SCOTLAND

Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.

WALES

Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—Bonne Nuit Chalet Hotel.
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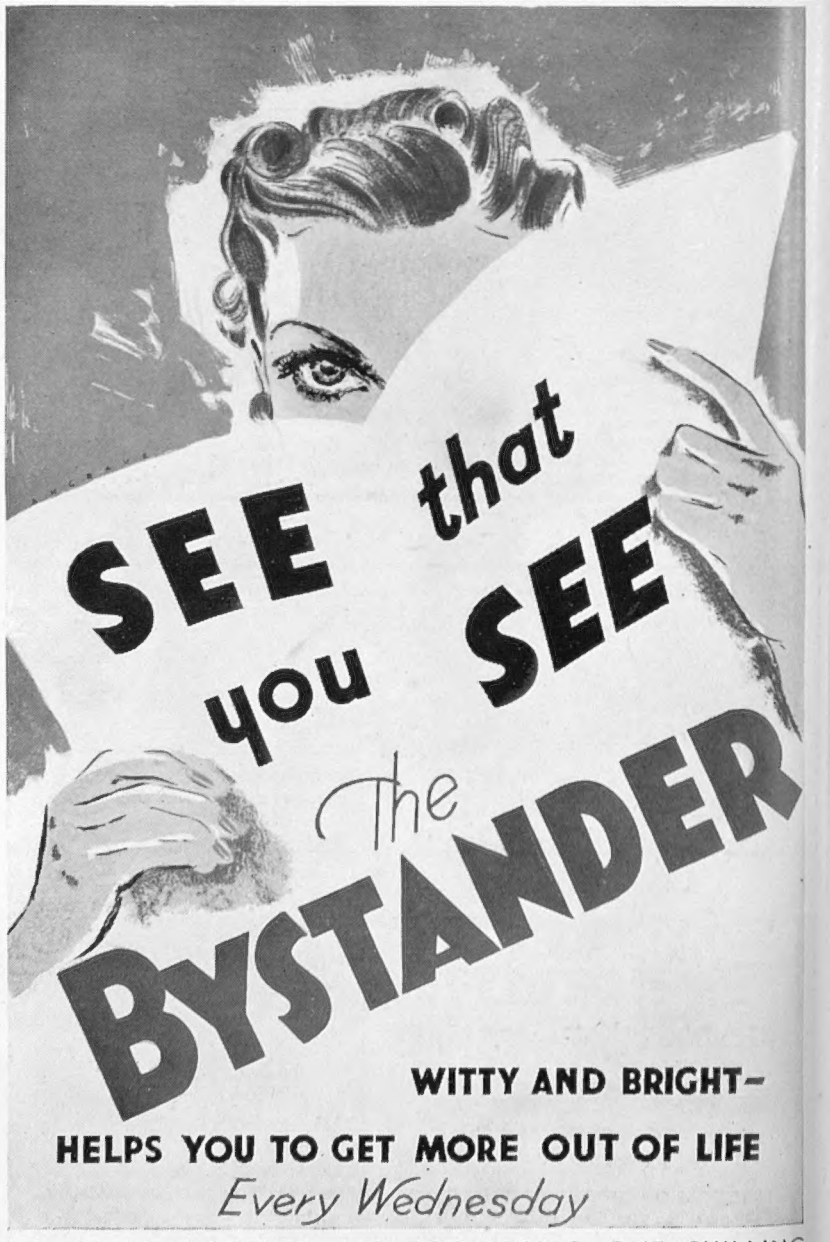

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